

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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BLACK SHEEP!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LAND AT LAST," "KISSING THE ROD," &c. &c.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER VIII. THE SEVERING OF THE HAIR.

THE storm which had swept unheeded over the heads bent over the gaming-tables at the Kursaal that wild autumn night, was hardly wilder and fiercer than the tempest in Stewart Routh's soul, as he, making one of the number of the gamblers, played with a quite unaccustomed recklessness, and won with surprising sequence. This was earlier in the night, when the powers of the air were only marshalling their forces, and the elemental war had not extended beyond the skirmishing stage. Many times he looked impatiently round, even while the ball was rolling, as if expecting to see some one, who still did not appear; then he would turn again to the green board, again stake and win, and resume his watch. At length a touch on his elbow caused him to look round in a contrary direction, where he saw a man standing, who immediately handed him a note and went away. Then Routh smiled, read the words the note contained, smiled again, swept up the money which lay before him, and left the room. The battle had fairly begun as he stepped out from the shelter of the portico, and, buttoning his coat tightly across his chest, and pulling his hat down to his eyebrows, set himself, with bent head, against the storm. His way led him past his own lodgings, and as he took it on the opposite side of the street, he saw, indistinctly, Harriet's figure, as she sat close beside the window, her head against the panes. Something dreary and forsaken in the aspect of the window, with its flimsy curtains wide apart, the indistinct form close against the glass, no light within the room, made Routh shiver impatiently as he looked at it; and just then the light in the street flickered and swerved violently under the influence of a sudden blast, which drove a sharp cascade of rain rattling against the window.

"Moping there in the dark," said Routh, with an oath, "and making things a hundred times worse, with her cursed whining and temper."

The Schwarzkild mansion was near, and he was soon removed as far from all associations with discomfort and dreariness as brilliant light, a blazing fire of odorous wood burning in a room too large to be overheated by it, luxurious surroundings, and pleasant expectation could remove him from such discordant realities. Presently Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge made her appearance. The room was a long one, and she entered by a door which faced the chimney where he was standing. Much as he had admired her, irresistibly as her beauty had captivated him with its ordinary charm of recklessness and lustre, with its rare, far-between moments of softness and grace, he had never really understood until now how beautiful she was. For there was a mingling of both moods upon her as she came towards him, her amber silk dress, with the accustomed drapery of superb black lace falling round her, and sweeping the ground in folds such as surely no other mere gown, made by mundane milliner, had ever accomplished. Rich purple amethysts were on her neck and on her wrists, and gleamed on the comb which held the coils of her hair. Wax-lights in profusion shed their softened light upon her, upon the cream and rose tints of her brow and cheeks, upon the scarlet of her lips, upon the marvellous darkness of her eyes; and the capricious blaze from the burning logs shot quivering streaks of light among the folds of her dress, glancing over the jewels she wore, and playing redly on the hand which she held out, while yet some steps divided her from Routh, gazing at her in absorbed, almost amazed admiration.

"How tired and pale you look," she said, as he took the proffered hand, and she allowed him to hold it. The words were slowly spoken, in the tone of solicitude for him, which is one of the most potent weapons in a beautiful woman's armoury. "Sit there," she went on, drawing her hand gently from his hold and indicating a seat, while she settled herself into the recesses of a huge German sofa. "How could you imagine I would go to the Kursaal to-night? Just listen!" She held her hand up; a cloud of filmy lace fell back from the beautiful round white arm. Then she dropped the hand slowly, and waited for him to speak. He spoke with strange difficulty; the spell of the power of her beauty was upon him. This was not what he had intended. He had meant

to conquer, not to be conquered—to sway, not to be ruled.

"I thought," he said, in a low tone, "you would have come, because—I—I did not know you would allow me the happiness of coming here."

"Did you not? I think you don't understand me yet. I wished to see you, you know, and I did not wish to go out this evening. It is quite simple, is it not?"

"It is indeed, for such a woman as you."

She laughed. "Is not that rather an awkward speech—rather an equivocal compliment? How *posed* you look!" She laughed again. Routh felt unspeakably embarrassed; he had a sense of being at a disadvantage, which was unpleasant. She saw it, and said:

"What a temper you have! You'd be rather hard to please, I fancy, if one were in any sense bound to try."

"Don't jest with me," said Routh, suddenly and sternly, and he rolled his chair deliberately near her as he spoke. "You did not allow me, you did not invite me to come here to-night; you did not do this, which seems so 'simple' to you, because you are as much braver than every other woman, as you are more beautiful"—he looked into her dark eyes, and their lids did not droop—"only to jest with me, only to trifle with me, as you trifle with others. You are a wonderfully puzzling woman, I acknowledge; no woman ever so puzzled me before. Each time I see you, there is something different, something new in your manner, and each time it is as though I had to begin all over again; as if I had not told you that I love you, as if you had not listened and confessed that you know it. Why have you sent for me? You dismissed me yesterday with something which you tried to make look and sound like anger—ineffectually, for you were not angry. And I was prepared for the same line of tactics to-day. Well, you send for me. I am here. You come to me a thousand times more beautiful"—he dropped his voice to a whisper, and she grew pale under the fixed fire of his eyes—"infinitely more beautiful than I have ever seen you; and in your eyes and in your smile there is what I have never seen in them; and yet you meet me with mere jesting words. Now, this you do not mean; what is it that you *do* mean?"

He rose, and leaned against the mantelpiece, looking down upon her bent head, with the light shining on the jewels in her hair. She did not speak.

"What is it that you *do* mean?" he repeated. She had laid one arm along the cushioned side of the sofa, the side near him. He clasped it, above the wrist, impressively, not caressingly, and at the touch, the words he had spoken to her before, "Would you not be afraid of a man who loved you with all the passion of his heart?" recurred to her, and she felt that so this man loved her, and that she was afraid of him.

"I dare say many others have loved you, and

told you so," he continued, "and I don't ask you how you received their professions. I know the world too well, and what it brings to men and women, for any such folly. That is of the past. The present is ours. I ask you why you have brought me here? A woman who represents such words as those I have spoken to you before now, does not give a man the chance of repeating them. You have not sent for me to tell me that you are insulted and outraged, to talk the cant of a hypocritical society to me. I should not love you, beautiful as you are, if you were such a fool." He saw that his audacity was not without its charm for her; her head was raised now, and her dark eyes, looking up, met his looking down, as she listened, with parted lips and deep-drawn breath.

"Be sure of this," he said, "no man has ever loved you as I love you, or been willing to stake so much upon your love." The sinister truth which lurked in these words lent the sinister expression to his face again for a moment which she had sometimes seen in it. "How much I stake upon it you will never know. So be it. I am ready, I am willing. You see I am giving you time. I am not hurrying you into rash speech. I dare say you were not at all prepared for this when you and I met, and you took the initiative in what you intended to be an ordinary watering-place flirtation—while you were waiting for Arthur Felton, perhaps?" he said, savagely, for, as he went on, the savage nature of the man was rising within him, and for all that his grasp was on her soft white arm, and his gaze was searching the depths of her dark eyes, he was speaking rather to himself than to her; rather to the unchained devil within, than to the beautiful fatality before him.

"It is possible you had some such notion," he said. "I don't ask you to acknowledge it, for if so, you have abandoned it." He stooped lower, his eyes looked closer into hers. She shrank back, and covered her face with her disengaged hand. "Yes," he went on, in a gentler tone, "I know you soon discovered that I am not made for make-believes; and now—now that you have sent for me, and I am here, what is it that you mean? You *cannot* make me the pastime of an hour; you *cannot* shake off the hold which such love as mine lays upon your life—would still lay upon it were you a feeble woman than you are. What then? Are you going to take the wine of life, or are you going to content yourself with the rapid draughts you have hitherto drank? You must tell me, and tell me to-night, what it is you mean; for a crisis in my life has come, and I must know, without paltering or delay, how it is to be dealt with."

He lifted his hand from her arm, and, standing directly before her, bade her look up and speak to him. She did not move. Then he sat down on a velvet footstool before her sofa, and drew her hands away from before her face. There were signs of agitation on it, and he read

them, not quite correctly perhaps, but to his own satisfaction.

"Listen to me," he said, in the gentlest tones within the compass of his voice. "I have a right—have I not?—to ask you, to know what is your meaning towards me? What did you bring me here for? Remember the words I have spoken to you, not once only, or twice; remember the story I told you on the balcony yonder; remember the tone you have occasionally adopted in all your levity, and then do not attempt to deny my right to speak as I am speaking, and to demand your answer."

"You—you found me alone here—in my own house—and——"

"Absurd!" he cried. "You are talking nonsense, and you know it. Did you not intend me to understand that I should find you alone? Did your note, your summons (I tore it up, but you remember the words as well as I do), mean anything else? Do you not know this is all folly? There is no need to play with me. I am a sure prize, or victim, which you please; you know that well enough, and I must know which you *do* please, for this is, as I said before, a crisis for me. Which is it?" he said, and he held her hands more tightly, and looked at her with a pale face. "Which is it? Mere coquetry—a dangerous game with a man like me, I warn you—a game you won't find it possible to play; or—the deep, deep love of a lifetime—the devotion which will never swerve or falter—the passion which will blot out from your knowledge or your fears everything beyond itself."

Weak, imaginative, without principle, easily ruled by strength, though a despot to weakness, the woman he addressed listened to him like one in a dream. Not until afterwards did a sense of being tricked and trapped come to her. Had her demeanour towards Routh really implied all this? Had she yielded to the rapacity for admiration, to the thirst for conquest, which had always dominated in her nature, once too often, and far too completely? This was precisely what she had done, and she had fallen into the hands of a stronger being than herself. In a blind, vague, groping kind of way she felt this, and felt that she could not help or deliver herself, and felt it with something like fear, even while her imagination and her vanity were intoxicated by the mingling of defiance and pleading in his words, in his tones, and in his looks.

"You and I," he went on, "would say to others, would say to each other in some of our moods, or would have said when first we met, that no such thing as this all-sufficing love exists, but each of us knows well that it does, and may, and *shall* be ours! This is what I mean. Again I ask you, what is *your* meaning in all this?"

"I don't know," she replied, releasing her hands, and rising. He allowed her to pass him, and to walk to the fireplace. She stood there, her radiant figure glittering in the lustre of the fire and the wax-lights. She stood there, her head bent, her hands before her, the fingers in-

terlaced. After a minute, Routh followed her, and stood before her.

"Then you will not answer me—you will not tell me what your meaning was in sending for me to-night?" There was tenderness in his tone now, and the slight inflection of a sense of injury which rarely fails with a woman.

"Yes," she said, looking up full at him, "I will tell you. I wanted to let you know that I think of going away!"

"Going away!" cried Routh, in unbounded amazement—"going away! What do you mean?"

"Just what I say," she replied, recovering herself, and resuming her usual tone and manner as soon as he released her from the spell of his earnestness and passion—"I am going away. I don't treat you quite so badly as you try to make out, you see, or I should not tell you about it, or consult you, or anything, but just go—go right away, you know, and make an end of it."

Routh's stern face flushed, and then darkened with a look which Harriet had learned to know, but which Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge had never seen. She did not see it now, and continued:

"I sent for you to tell you this. I don't like the place; I'm tired of it. It's too small, and yet every one comes here, and I'm talked of. Ah, you sneer! Well, I know. I remember all I have said about that, but it is one thing to be talked of in London or Paris, and quite another to be the object of the daily curiosity and the malice——"

"You mean the envy, don't you?" said Routh.

"No I don't, I mean the malice; well, the envy, or the malice, or only the observation, if you like, of always the same people, whom I meet in always the same places. That is a part of my reason, but only a part. I don't like Mr. Felton, I don't like Mr. Dallas; less than any people in the world I choose to have them to spy and overlook me; and—and—I don't want to be here when that man comes."

Routh stood before her quite silent.

"You know—you remember," she said, with a smile, "Arthur Felton. By-the-by, you need not make faces about my wearing his photograph any more, for I've lost it—lost it before I got home yesterday. In fact, I fancy he is in some trouble—perhaps in some disgrace—and I have no fancy for being here when he arrives, to have him quarrelling with me if I avoid him, and his father regarding me with horror if I don't; so——" and here she knelt on the white rug and stretched out her hands to the fire, which shone reflected in her upraised eyes—"so I am going to——" She paused, tantalising him.

"To——?" he repeated after her, almost in a whisper.

"To London," she said; and laughed and looked at him, and rose. "Now sit down, and let us talk it over, and be reasonable."

Still quite silent, Routh obeyed her. His manner, his look was changed. He was thoughtful; but an air of relief had come upon him, as

if unexpected help had reached him from an unforeseen quarter.

There was no light in the window, as Routh passed it by, returning to his lodgings. But there was a lamp in the hall, at which he lighted a candle, and went into the sitting-room.

Harriet was still sitting by the window; she did not raise or turn her head, and Routh thought she was sleeping. He went up close to her, and then she languidly opened her eyes and rose.

"Have you fallen asleep here, in the dark, Harriet?" said Routh, "and without a fire! How imprudent and unnecessary."

"I am not cold," she said; but she shivered slightly as she spoke. Routh took up a shawl which lay upon a chair and wrapped it round her. She looked at him, quietly but sharply.

"Don't be afraid; I am all right to-night, Harry," he said. "I've won a lot of money at the tables, and I've been thinking over what we were saying this morning—" He paused a moment, and then went on with some constraint in his voice: "I think you are right so far, that the sooner we get away from this the better. I will consider the rest of the matter when we get to London."

Harriet looked at him still, closely and sharply, but she said nothing.

"You are too tired to talk about anything to-night, Harry, I see," said Routh, with good humour which did not sit on him very naturally, "so we will not talk. But would it be possible for you to be ready to start in the morning?"

"Yes," said Harriet, quietly, and without showing the least surprise by voice or countenance, "I will have everything ready."

Homburg von der Höhe was graced for only a few days longer by the beautiful American. Her pony-carriage and the grey ponies, the French groom, the luxurious wrappings, the splendid vision of satin, and lace, and jewels, all disappeared, and the Schwarzhild mansion was for a while desolate, until again occupied by the numerous progeny of a rich and rusty Queen's counsel.

It was understood that Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge had returned to Paris. "Every season is the right season for Paris with those Americans," said a contemptuous Briton, who secretly held himself aggrieved by the abrupt departure of the handsome widow, who had never appeared more than conscious of his existence, certainly not interested in the fact; "it draws them like a loadstone."

"She has evidently heard nothing of Arthur," said Mr. Felton to his nephew, "or she would have sent us word." He spoke timidly, and looked at George with anxious eyes. George looked undignifiedly serious and troubled.

"I wish your letters had arrived, uncle," he replied. "I begin to fear we shall not see Arthur here; and—and to be sorry that so much time has been lost."

A week later, George Dallas wrote to Harriet Routh from Paris, as follows:

Hôtel du Louvre, Paris, October —

My dear Mrs. Routh. I am here with my uncle. My mother and Mr. Carruthers are travelling more slowly. We are all to meet in London. Meantime, a circumstance has occurred which may prove of great, and must be of some importance to Mr. Felton and to myself. I am compelled to ask your assistance, which I know you will give me with all your accustomed readiness and kindness.

Accompanied by my uncle, I went this morning to a jeweller's shop in the Rue de la Paix to order the bracelet you know of to be re-made for my mother. I had not previously undone the packet containing the gold band and the turquoises, which you sealed up and kept in your desk for me, since the day you gave it to me at Homburg. The things were wrapped up in letter-paper, you will remember. I opened the packet on the counter of the jeweller's shop, shook the turquoises into a box he handed me for the purpose, and was holding up the gold band for him to examine, when my uncle, who was looking at the paper I had laid down, suddenly called to me, and pointing to some writing on it—mere memoranda, apparently, of articles to be purchased (I enclose a correct copy)—exclaimed, "That is Arthur's writing!" I saw at once that it was his writing, and determined to apply to you in the first place for information on the matter. It is now clear that my cousin has passed under another name than his own, and that Routh and perhaps you have known him. There is a date, too, upon the paper—10th of April of this year. You took the paper out of the lower division of your desk. You may be able to tell us all that we have so long been anxious to know, at once. Pray answer this without delay. I think it best not to write to Routh, because my uncle and he are almost strangers, and also, dear Mrs. Routh, because it comes naturally to me to address myself to you. How strange that all this time you and Routh should have known Arthur, and I, living in intimacy with you both, should have been in a manner seeking him! You will, no doubt, be able to tell us everything without an hour's delay; but, in any case, we shall be in London in a week, and shall have Arthur's portrait to show you. I am sure this letter is very ill expressed, but I am still bewildered at the strangeness of the occurrence. Write at once. My room is No. 80.

Always yours affectionately,

GEORGE DALLAS.

P.S. The jeweller of the Rue de la Paix is a jewel among his tribe. He undertakes to replace the diamonds, and, as far as I can judge—to be sure, its only a little way—with stones just as fine as those I sold at A—for a third less than the money his Hebrew Dutch confrère gave me. I had a mind to tell him the value of the original diamonds, but I didn't—the honestest

of jewellers is only human, and it might tempt him to raise the price and not the value. But I think he recognised a master-mind in my uncle.

OLD STORIES RE-TOLD.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF ALGIERS.

In the spring of 1816, that trusty and thorough English sailor, Lord Exmouth, led his squadron to Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, and released one thousand seven hundred and ninety-two Christian slaves, concluding a somewhat unsatisfactory and imperfect treaty with the bloodthirsty Dey, Omar Pasha, and returning to England, he disbanded his crews and dismantled his frigates. In the debates on this expedition Lord Cochrane, always too ardent, wilful, and impetuous, and soured into unceasing factious opposition to every one, intemperately derided the Barbary corsairs, declared that the Algerines had no cannon, and could not use them if they had, and rashly asserted that two sail of the line would have forced the Dey to accede to the instant abolition of slavery, or any other terms. The temper of the hero of Basque Roads led him wrong. Algiers was crowded with guns, garrisoned by intrepid and practised Arab artillerymen, and was bulwarked with batteries difficult to enfilade and of tremendous strength.

Our great war vessels had scarcely furled their wings and gone to sleep, before the sea-robbers of the north of Africa broke out into fresh atrocities. The English visit had roused the old inextinguishable fanaticism. The Moors had been stripped of their slaves, and smarted at the loss, although they had been allowed to receive from Sicily and Sardinia compensation to the tune of four hundred thousand dollars. In 1806 the English government, always ignobly sending presents and degradingly exchanging courtesies with these cruel pirates, had contracted with the Dey for the occupation of the town and harbour of Bona as a tolerated dépôt for the Italian coral fishery, to be carried on under the protection of the British flag. On the 23rd of May, 1816, a great number of bright-sailed boats, from the Italian coast, lay off Bona. Their brown-faced, dark-haired, gesticulating Genoese, Maltese, Sardinian, and Neapolitan crews were chiefly on shore, preparing to celebrate the Feast of the Ascension by High Mass. The priest's robes were donned, the incense already fumed in the censers. All at once a gun was fired from the castle, a crowd of furious Turkish Janissaries rushed on the coral fishers and slew all they met; some cavalry, at the same moment, swept along the shore, sabring as they went. The boats were fired on by the forts, and sunk. Hardly one poor fisherman escaped. The British flag was torn down and trampled under foot, and our vice-consul's house pillaged and gutted. The Dey had, it was said, not ordered this massacre; it was only a paroxysm of bar-

barous fanaticism. But England at once spoke out: "It shall be punished." There was a roar of rage from John o'Groat's to the Land's End. The fleet was instantly ordered out. The telegraph's arms swung to and fro to collect seamen and officers. Up spread the canvas again; out once more blossomed the red pendants. The rigging spread quick as spiders' webs. No need of pressing for this righteous crusade—men came from the guard-ships, and sailors from every man-of-war. The great floating castles rode again upon the sea, and the helmsmen looked towards Africa.

On the 21st of July, 1816 (Sunday, an auspicious day with sailors), the fleets left Portsmouth; at Plymouth, Lord Exmouth added to his pack the Impregnable, a three-decker, the Minden, Superb, and Albion, seventy-fours. The fleet, now counting twenty-five sail, steered straight for Gibraltar before a light breeze.

The moment Plymouth was down below the horizon, Lord Exmouth gave orders that the seamen should be exercised at the guns, twice a day at the mere motions, and once a week with fire. On Friday, the 9th, the coasts of Spain and Morocco opened like outspread arms, and at gun-fire, as the cannon were rattling quick and sharp, our fleet came opposite a spot for ever sacred to men of our race—Trafalgar.

At Gibraltar, the old grey rock that lies like a couchant lion guarding the straits, the English were recruited by five Dutch frigates and a corvette, commanded by a thin amiable old officer, Admiral Van Cappellan: also by five of our own gunboats. Lord Exmouth was intent on business, and did not lose a moment. He had the decks swept of their cabins, leaving all clear for the guns fore and aft. The timbers of the cabins and all superfluous partitions were sent on shore, fresh cabins were stretched of canvas, and all baggage was sent down into the cockpits. The marines were also exercised in the boats, and a landing practised. On Monday, the 12th, the birthday of the Prince Regent, the Queen Charlotte hoisted her royal standard and broke forth with a rejoicing salute of twenty-one guns, and at the same time the other thirty-four vessels discharged their cannon. When this was over, the rock took up the chorus. From every cell in it came jets of fire and puffs of white sulphurous smoke, above, below, north, south—from the Spanish Gate to the Point Europa, the cannon roared and echoed. The rock glowed like an enormous pastille half ignited. It was two hours before all the batteries had done speaking.

On the 14th, a light sou'-wester rising, the fleet weighed and set sail from the bay. On the 15th, they were joined by the corvette Prometheus (Captain Dashwood), from Algiers. On board were the wife and daughter of the consul of Algiers, who had escaped disguised in midshipman's clothes. The consul had been seized and chained in his own house, and eighteen men (the boat's crew) of the Prometheus had been sent into the interior as

slaves. The Dey had derided the English expedition to a Danish merchant captain who had had an audience. ("As for their shells," he said, pointing to the ceiling, where fruit was hung for the winter, "I shall hang them up in my rooms like those melons.") The Dane replied, quietly, "You don't know the English shells. I was at Copenhagen when the English came there, and I know what their shells are."

A tedious and irritating foul wind continuing some days, Lord Exmouth employed the time in arranging a plan of attack, and settling every one's place round his own vessel—the Queen Charlotte—the bombs to keep out of gun-shot. The vice-admirals and captains attended a council of war on board the flag-ship. Experiments were also made to test the accuracy of a new mode of aiming cannon. An empty bottle was hung inside a frame four feet square, and fixed on a long rod to the end of the fore-yard. It was then fired at from the quarter-deck with an eighteen pounder; the object being to break the bottle without injuring the frame. This being repeatedly done, his lordship set up instead a round piece of wood about five inches in diameter. This round mark was frequently chipped, and often carried away. The town of Algiers was a larger bull's-eye; our sailors' hearts were now braced for the work.

On the 26th, Cape Cazzina came in sight, and early in the morning of the 27th the town of Algiers rose into the morning air, its terraces of white marble and stone rising step by step; below, the mosque domes, and the lance-like minarets, spreading in a huge triangle, the point upwards. Beyond the walls of the pirate city, on the hill-side, the green plains were feathered with palm-trees, bushed with olive-gardens and orange-groves, or spiked with aloe and wild cactus. Beyond, in the horizon, faint and blue as fading clouds, and capped with snow white as a morning vapour, towered the peaks of the Lesser Atlas.

Salamé, the interpreter to the fleet, a handsome young Egyptian, not remarkable for courage, instantly put on an European dress, and was sent on shore with a flag of truce and letter, containing Lord Exmouth's demands, namely:

The instant abolition of Christian slavery, and the surrender of all Christian slaves.

The restoration of the ransom-money for slaves that had been paid by the King of Sardinia and the King of the Two Sicilies.

A peace with the King of the Netherlands.

The liberation of the British consul, and the two boats' crews of the Prometheus.

Lord Exmouth's vexation at the adverse winds had been the greater because the Prometheus had informed him that the Dey was marching down ten thousand men from the interior, and throwing up fresh works on the mole and round both flanks of the town. The fleet being again becalmed, the admiral sent the Severn into the bay, the interpreter being pulled into shore in the Severn's boat. As Salamé went down the Queen Charlotte's side, the officers called to

him, jokingly: "Salamé, if you bring back word that the Dey accepts our demands without fighting, we shall kill you instead of him."

At nine o'clock A.M., Salamé, the first lieutenant, and six seamen (secretly provided with muskets, for fear of treachery), pulled towards the mole. The captain of the fort met them in a boat; but they would not let him approach near. He appeared troubled and confused, and took the letters which were handed him on a long stick, promising an answer from the Dey within two hours. The interpreter, by no means wishing to lose his head, refused to come inside the mole or to land, though the sun was fiery hot, and the glare from the water was almost unbearable.

The boat remained where she was for three hours and a half. She lay within pistol-shot of the walls, watched by thousands of fierce turbaned men; savage negroes, ruddy Kabyles, gaunt Arabs, insolent Moors, arrogant and sleepy Turks, who, crowding the walls and leaning against the embrasures and the sunburnt walls, taunted them, and handled their matchlocks and yataghans in a menacing way.

The seamen spent the time in reconnoitering the triangular city rising on the hill-side. The pirates' nest bristled with batteries. The forts on the north side joined the mole, where there was a semicircular battery with two tiers of forty-four guns. The lighthouse tower showed three tiers of forty-eight guns. The Eastern Battery displayed three tiers of sixty guns, flanked by two others, with two tiers of sixty guns. On the south head of the mole there stood two enormously long sixty-eight pounders. Near the mole were two small batteries, of twenty guns, and the Fish-Market Battery. Another line of batteries joined the large forts against which the Dutch were to be anchored. The upper part of the four miles of walls sheltering a population of one hundred thousand souls, was also well furnished with guns, and defended by two castles. Altogether the Dey possessed one thousand five hundred cannon.

In the mean time the city was on the boil; and in every market-place and fountain-court men were arming or soldiers mustering for the blow that was to be struck at the unbeliever's throat.

Thirty-six gunboats and frigates were being brought from inside the mole to that side of the city that was unprovided with batteries. They had their red silk battle-flags flying, and were drawn up in a hollow square.

A fine sea breeze just then springing up, the fleet advanced into the bay, and prepared its boats and flotilla for service; Lord Exmouth, seeing the interpreter's boat returning with the signal flying "That no answer had been received," hoisted his own signal to know if all the ships were ready? The answer was unanimous, and the fleet instantly bore off to their appointed stations: the Queen Charlotte in the van, according to preconcerted order. When the interpreter returned, more dead than alive, having expected every moment his boat to be scuttled by the batteries, he found Lord Ex-

mouth, whom he had left a mild elderly man, quite changed; he was now "all fightful, as a fierce lion which had been chained in a cage and then set at liberty." All he said was, "Never mind, we shall see now."

Then he turned to the officers, and said sternly, "Be ready!" The seamen were standing at each gun, with the matches or the strings of the locks in their hands, anxiously waiting for the word "Fire!" The dogs of war were straining at the slip; the volcano was ready to break forth.

The great sea-birds, with outstretched pinions, glided past the Moorish batteries, where the Algerines stood astonished at the English audacity and fearlessness. The Queen Charlotte gallantly let go her anchors at a quarter to three o'clock, within eighty yards of the Mole-Head Batteries, but finding there were only two feet of water under the keel, the cable was let go for twenty yards more. The sailors gave three cheers when Lord Exmouth took up his position, and in such a masterly style that no more than four or five guns from the mole could bear on their ship, though it was exposed to musketry and to all the other batteries. The other vessels moved also to their stations with admirable precision and coolness.

The great three-deckers being higher than the Moorish batteries, the Arabs and Turks leaped up on the parapets to see our fleet advance. Inside the mole there seemed great confusion. They had trusted to intimidation, and had not expected so rapid, close, and daring an attack. They had not even loaded their guns until almost all the fleet had passed the batteries. There was a profound silence, and Lord Exmouth began to expect a full compliance to all his demands was forthcoming, when, at a few minutes before three, a gun flashed and a spurt of fire came from the Eastern Battery at the Impregnable, which, with the Superb and Albion, were slow sailers, and lagged behind. The warning shot was to prevent them from coming in and joining the squadron. Lord Exmouth, the instant he saw the smoke of the gun, and before he heard the report, cried out with great alacrity,

"That will do. Fire, my fine fellows!"

Before the words were well spoken, a tremendous broadside was fired by the Queen Charlotte; it was followed by two other ships within six minutes. The other vessels gave tongue at the same moment. The Algerines afterwards said it was like "hell opening on them." Down into the dark narrow steep streets, in among the blind walls, in the pillared fountain-courts, at mosque doors, and in palace orange-gardens, the shells rolled and hissed, splitting and splintering, and scattering death as their jagged iron flew about in showers. That first bursting fire killed or wounded more than five hundred Moors. Before the discharge, crowds of soldiers were gathered in many conspicuous places; when the smoke passed, the survivors were seen crawling away under the walls like dogs, on their feet and hands. The smoke of the guns hid the sun and

darkened the sky. The batteries of Algiers—the Mole, the Fish-Market, and the Lighthouse, replied quickly and angrily.

Nothing could surpass the jovial daring of our sailors, or the hearty way in which they worked the heavy lower-deck guns. In some cases, when the wadding failed, the brave fellows cut off the breasts of their blue jackets and rammed them down the cannon. Even the seamen's wives on board the Severn helped their husbands, by passing shot and powder. No sailor showed fatigue, or manifested a doubt of the result. The longer the bombardment lasted, the more cheerful and hearty the men grew, keeping up the fire with increasing fury. Lord Exmouth several times wished to cease firing for a short time, in order to make observations, but it was with great difficulty he could make the seamen stop even for a moment. Every time an Algerine frigate broke into flame, or a battery "caved in," our men gave a tremendous cheer.

On the main and foretops of the Queen Charlotte, Salamé says there were two twelve-pounders, which "worked into" the Algerine batteries a deadly hailstorm of two hundred and eighty musket-balls at each discharge. These showers of lead swept off all the Arabs from the parapets, and from the Dey's upper rows of guns.

The Leander, to use a phrase of the Ring, "got it hot," being ripped, torn, and badly cut up by the twenty guns mounted on the fish-market gate, on whose arches and battlements the vessel's guns produced little effect. The Impregnable was also dreadfully punished by the Eastern Battery: losing seventy-three seamen, and having one hundred and thirty-seven torn, lacerated, and otherwise wounded.

Of this stage of the battle Lord Exmouth himself writes with more vigour and feeling than is usual in despatches. "Thus commenced," he says, "a fire as animated and well supported, I believe, as was ever witnessed, from a quarter before three until nine, without intermission, and which did not cease altogether until half-past eleven. Never did the British flag receive, on any occasion, more zealous and honourable support. To look further on the line than immediately round me was perfectly impossible, but, so well grounded was my confidence in the gallant officers I had the honour to command, that my mind was kept perfectly free to attend to other objects, and I knew them to be in their stations only by the destructive effect of their fire upon the walls and batteries to which they were opposed. I had about this time the satisfaction of seeing Vice-Admiral Van Cappellan's flag in the station I had assigned to him, and soon after, at intervals, the remainder of his frigates, keeping up a well-supported fire on the flanking batteries he had offered to cover us from, as it had not been in my power, from want of room, to bring him in the front of the wall. After sunset I received a message from Rear-Admiral Milne, conveying to me the severe loss the Impregnable was sustaining, having then one hundred and fifty killed and wounded, and requesting I would, if

possible, send him a frigate to divert some of the fire he was under. The Glasgow, near me, immediately weighed, but the wind had been driven away by the cannonade, and she was obliged to anchor again, having obtained rather a better position than before.

"There were awful moments during the conflict occasioned by firing the Algerine ships so near us, and I had long resisted the eager entreaties of several around me to make the attempt upon the outer frigate, distant about one hundred yards, which at length I gave in to, and Major Gossett, by my side, who had been eager to land his corps of marines, pressed me most anxiously for permission to accompany Lieutenant Richards in the ship's barge. The frigate was instantly boarded, and in ten minutes in a perfect blaze. A gallant young midshipman, in rocket boat number eight, although forbidden, was led by his ardent spirit to follow in support of the barge, in which he was desperately wounded, his brother-officer killed, and nine of his crew. The barge, by rowing more rapidly, had suffered less, and lost but two. The enemy's batteries around my division were about ten o'clock silenced, and in a state of perfect ruin and dilapidation, and the fire of the ships was reserved as much as possible to save powder, and in reply to a few guns now and then bearing upon us, although a fort on the upper angle of the city, on which our guns could not be brought to bear, continued to annoy the ships by shot and shell during the whole time.

"The flotilla of mortar, gun, and rocket-boats, under the direction of their respective artillery officers, shared to the full extent of their power in the honour of the day, and performed good service; it was by their fire all the ships in the port (with the exception of the outer frigate) were in flames, which extended rapidly over the whole arsenal, store-houses, and gunboats, exhibiting a spectacle of awful grandeur and interest.

"The sloops of war which had been appropriated to aid and assist the ships of the line, and prepare for their retreat, performed not only their duty well, but embraced every opportunity of firing through the intervals, and were constantly in motion. The shells from the bombs were admirably well thrown by the Royal Marine Artillery, and though directly across or over us, not an accident, that I know of, occurred to any ship. The whole was conducted in perfect silence, and such a thing as a cheer I never heard in any part of the line! and, that the guns were well worked and directed, will be seen for many years to come, and remembered by these barbarians for ever."

Salamé, the interpreter, gives one or two affecting episodes of the battle. Having recovered the little courage he had when he found that the cockpit was two feet below water-mark, he went there to lunch with the surgeon, the chaplain, and the purser; but found, to his dismay, that the carpenter had already had to stop several holes where Algerine shot

had passed between wind and water. Comforting himself, however, with Asiatic aphorisms on the uncertainty of life, Salamé passed the time in helping the wounded, after the surgeon had seen to them. Some were blind, others maimed; shattered legs and arms were every moment being amputated. Salamé, fainting as the first arm-bone was sawn through, was sent to the magazine to hand up powder-boxes.

Seeing, he says, Lieutenant Johnstone laughing as he was having a wound in his cheek dressed, he entreated the wounded lieutenant not to return to the deck. Johnstone would, however, go, and was brought back in two hours' time with his breast torn, and his left arm hanging by a thread. The brave fellow survived thirty-six days, and was buried with great honours in the sea, near Plymouth, eleven guns being fired, and the royal standard waved over his coffin.

The Impregnable, unable to find her proper place, owing to the smoke, got terribly mauled by the relentless Eastern Battery. She was hulled by no less than two hundred and sixty-three shots, twenty of which passed between wind and water. The explosion of a vessel with one hundred and forty-three barrels of gunpowder, under the walls of the battery, somewhat relieved her, and enabled her to eventually haul out with the fleet. She worked very hard, and did splendid damage to the pirates, discharging six thousand seven hundred and thirty round-shot. Admiral Milne gave orders to double-load every gun.

The Congreve rockets were of great service. The Algerines took them for signals, until they began to leap about and burst among the troops. When their iron bolts struck in the wooden houses, the fire soaked in like oil, and grew fiercer for the water poured upon it.

All through the seven hours' firing, the old sea-lion, Exmouth, though a stout man of sixty-five, and worn with service in every climate, ran about with a white handkerchief tied round his waist, a round hat on his head, and a telescope in his hand, shouting orders as active and eager as the youngest midshipman in the fleet. He received only two slight wounds, one in the cheek, and the other in the leg; but his coat was slit and torn by musket-balls, as if it had been slashed by a madman's scissors. Many of the Queen Charlotte's guns grew at last so hot that they could not be safely used; others recoiled until the wheels made deep troughs in the deck, and there stuck; others broke from their carriages. Mr. Stone, the gunner, an old man of seventy, who had been in thirty actions, said he never before used so much powder, the Queen Charlotte having expended thirty thousand four hundred and twenty-four pounds of powder, and four thousand four hundred and sixty-two rounds of big shot. Exmouth's ship was placed at such a fine angle, and with such consummate skill, that she only lost nine men—less than almost any other vessel in the squadron—though close to the gun-batteries on the mole, and near to

thousands of Moorish musketeers. Once only, as the despatch has shown, the admiral's vessel was in great danger, when a blazing Algerine frigate came drifting down on her. The Dutch admiral, seeing Lord Exmouth's danger, was anxious to send every ship's boat to his rescue, but the brave Cornishman would not hear of it, said he only wished his orders to be strictly followed, and instantly gave the signal for the fleet to retire out of danger before his own vessel was safe from the burning drift. Providence was gracious, for just as Lord Exmouth was regretfully giving orders to cut the Queen Charlotte's cable and veer round, a breeze sprang up and drove the burning ship towards the town.

The Dey, an ignorant and cruel tyrant, but a brave soldier, who before his elevation had been an Aga of Janissaries, was in the Lighthouse Battery during the engagement. His red, white, and yellow flag was hoisted there. When he gave audience to the English, the folds of his turban and dress were full of powder-dust, and his face and beard were still begrimed with smoke.

About eleven o'clock, the Algerine storehouses, arsenals, and fleet being all on fire, the burning frigates drifting in the bay, some ten thousand houses destroyed in the city, about six thousand Moors slain, and the lower batteries smashed and pounded into shapeless ruins, Lord Exmouth passed the signal to the fleet to move out of the line of fire, cut cables, and make sail. The usual favourable land breeze rose softly, all hands were soon busy at the warping and towing off. By the help of "the light air," the whole fleet soon came to anchor out of reach of shells. About two in the morning, after twelve hours' incessant labour, Lord Exmouth was still in high spirits, and said to Salamé, the interpreter: "Well, my fine fellow, Salamé, what think you now?"

At one o'clock, the old Dutch admiral came on board to offer him congratulations.

"I am quite happy to die, my lord," he said, "now we have got full satisfaction from these pirates."

The gallant position the Queen Charlotte took had protected and saved more than five hundred Dutchmen. Lord Exmouth, having in the morning ordered a supper to be ready for this hour, sat down with his officers, and drank to the health of every brave man in the fleet. The officers drank with enthusiasm their champion's health, and all went to their berths, and fell asleep.

In the British squadron there had been one hundred and sixty men and boys killed, six hundred and ninety-two wounded. On board of the Dutch, thirteen killed, and fifty-two wounded. The British had consumed two hundred and sixteen thousand six hundred and fifty-eight pounds of powder, forty-one thousand two hundred and eighty rounds of shot, and nine hundred and sixty thirteen and twenty-six inch shells; the Dutch, forty six thousand one hundred and

nineteen pounds of powder, and ten thousand one hundred and forty-eight rounds of shot. To sum up, nearly one hundred and eighteen tons of powder had been burnt, and five hundred tons of shot hurled on the guilty city. Since Cromwell's time, so just and hard a blow had never been dealt at cruelty and oppression; from that day no Christian slave has ever entered Algiers.

The destruction in the mole of Algiers consisted of four large frigates, of forty-four guns; five large corvettes, of from twenty-four to thirty guns; thirty gun and mortar boats (all but seven); several merchant brigs and schooners; a great number of small vessels of various descriptions; all the pontoon lighters, &c.; storehouses and arsenal, with all the timber and various marine articles, destroyed in part; a great many gun-carriages, mortar-beds, casks and ships' stores of all descriptions.

The loss of the Algerian robbers will never be known correctly. It would have been much greater if, during the bombardment, the Dey had not opened the gates, and let the more peaceful citizens escape into the country. Hundreds had left, ten days before, on the news of the approach of the fleet. Many of the Arabs were killed at the gates while leaving. The wounded, being all laid in stables till the next day, perished in great numbers for want of surgeons. The Dey prohibited the usual howling Mohammedan funerals, as long as the English remained; but there were known to be three large houses piled with dead, and graves were digging every night for a week. All the Moors killed in the battle, which had happened during Ramadan, were buried in a special cemetery as martyrs to the faith (save the mark!).

The morning after the battle, the admiral sent Salamé and Lieutenant Burgess to the Dey, under a flag of truce, and bearing the following stern and uncompromising letter:

"Sir. For your atrocities at Bona on defenceless Christians, your unbecoming disregard to the demands I made yesterday in the name of the Prince Regent of England, the fleet under my command has given you a signal chastisement, by the total destruction of your navy, storehouses and arsenal, with half your batteries.

"As England does not war for the destruction of cities, I am unwilling to visit your personal cruelties upon the inoffensive inhabitants of the country, and I therefore offer you the same terms of peace which I conveyed to you yesterday in my sovereign's name. Without the acceptance of these terms, you can have no peace with England. If you receive this offer as you ought, you will fire three guns; and I shall consider your not giving the signal as a refusal, and shall renew my operations at my own convenience. I offer you the above terms, provided neither the British consul nor the officers and men so wickedly seized by you from the boats of a British ship of war have met with any

cruel treatment, or any of the Christian slaves in your power; and I repeat my demand that the consul and officers and men may be sent off to me, conformable to ancient treaties.—I am, &c.,

“EXMOUTH.

“To his Highness the Dey of Algiers.

“Queen Charlotte, Algiers Bay, Aug. 28, 1816.”

At the same time, the bombs were ordered into position to renew the bombardment, if necessary.

Salamé's boat was fired at several times by a fort to the south, but was not hit; at about eleven o'clock, Osmar Captain came to them from the city, and pleaded that the English firing had begun before the Dey could send his answer. He also said that the shots just fired were fired contrary to the Dey's orders, and called the English a litigious people.

On reaching the mole, the very site of the batteries was not distinguishable. The guns were, all but four or five, dismantled or buried in rubbish. The bay was full of smoking hulks, the water all round the mole black and strewn with dead bodies, drifting timber, and floating charcoal. On his way from the mole to the city, Salamé observed that the aqueduct was destroyed, and that the dark narrow streets were heaped with rubbish. On the consul's house alone, thirty shot had fallen; one of its small rooms had been traversed by nine cannon-balls. Nearly every house in the town had been struck, and many were razed to the ground. In the court-yard of the Dey's palace, two heaps of shots and carcases had been collected.

At half-past one, three guns were fired from shore. They showed that the Dey was at last not unwilling to listen to terms. The story of the captain of the fort was that, when the soldiers saw the fleet inside the mole, and the three-deckers under the batteries, they began to mutiny, crying that the English were going to take the country without fighting, and almost forcing the Dey to fight.

“I predicted all this rigour,” said the captain of the port (an Albanian), sighing, and in a low voice, to the interpreter, “because I know the English nation never forgive the least points. I told them so; but what could I do among thousands!”

At three o'clock, Salamé, Captain Brisbane the released consul, and Mr. Gossett, went on shore to carry Lord Exmouth's demands to the Dey. They found that potentate, extremely rude and cross, in a narrow gallery on the third floor, looking out on the sea. He was sitting, contemplating his red slippers, on a high Turkish sofa with his bare legs crossed, and with a long cherry-stemmed pipe in his hand. He was coarse and common in his manner, and did not ask any one to sit down. He consented to return the three hundred and eighty-two thousand five hundred dollars for Sicily and Sardinia at once. The slaves then in the town were to be sent on board next day, and the slaves from Oran, Bona, and Constantina, as soon as they

should arrive. They had been sent out of town during the battle for fear of their revolt.

The Dey asked, with subdued rage, if those slaves who owed money to the Jews in Algiers were let go, who was to pay their debts? The people would require the money from him. Captain Brisbane refused to enter into the question.

The Dey upon this looked at the captain of the port, and said with anger, “You see now how the business goes.” At first, like a stubborn child, he was unwilling to give the consul the three thousand dollars compensation. Impertinent and low people, unknown to him, he said, had robbed and insulted the consul without his orders. On stern pressure, however, the Dey yielded after some minutes of silence, and of playing with his beard as if at once astonished, agitated, and enraged. Salamé says naively, that as he extorted the full apology, the Dey “really showed his natural wickedness, looking at me with such angry eyes that, if it had been in his power, I am sure he would have cut me in pieces.”

At that juncture, the captain of the port, who had opposed all violence, came behind the Dey's sofa and whispered:

“My lord, it cannot be helped, you must submit. That yellow-haired man (the consul) must now triumph.”

The Dey sullenly repeated the apology in Arabic, and Mr. McDougall accepted it. It was then agreed that the Algerines were to announce the peace by firing twenty-one guns for England, and twenty-one for the Netherlands.

On the 30th, the boats and transports received on board one thousand and eighty-three liberated slaves (four hundred and seventy-one Neapolitans, two hundred and thirty-one Sicilians, one hundred and seventy-three Romans, six Tuscans, one hundred and sixty-one Spaniards, one Portuguese, seven Greeks, and twenty-eight Dutch), making a grand total, reckoning both expeditions, of three thousand and three helpless and suffering men restored to liberty by the great victory of our arms. These ragged and half-starved sailors, lean, haggard, and furrowed with the deep wounds of perpetual fetters, were nearly mad with joy, and leaped in crowds into the boats, unwilling to pause even to be counted. When they approached our ships they all took off their hats and caps and shouted as one man, “Viva the King of England, viva the Eternal Father, viva the Admiral of England who has liberated us from this second hell!” And then beating their breasts, they poured out execrations on the Algerines.

Some of these men had been thirty-five years in slavery. Their chains—which were never taken off—were one hundred pounds weight for strong men, sixty pounds for old men, and thirty pounds for lads. Their legs and waists were eaten into deep hard black furrows by their fetters. They had been employed, in gangs of ten, in quarrying stone from the mountains, in telling trees, dragging building materials, and in

moving guns. Their daily allowance of food had been ten ounces of black bean bread, one handful of peas, and a thimbleful of oil. On Fridays, the Turkish sabbath, they were compelled to fast. As soon as the transports came to anchor, the freed slaves crowded the shrouds and the yards, rejoicing in the old familiar element and their old avocation, and shouted and cheered our sailors enthusiastically.

The Moorish troops, in a ferment of fanatical rage, and eager for fresh massacres—as the common Turk always is—rushed to the mole when the English boats began to shove off with the slaves, and fired several times at our sailors; whereupon Lord Exmouth told the Dey, plainly, that he would bombard the town again if such intolerable conduct were repeated. There was then much diplomacy about a Neapolitan boy and a Spanish vice-consul and a merchant, who were, however, eventually released.

The three hundred and eighty-two thousand five hundred dollars, and the eight thousand dollars for the consul, were paid punctually by the tyrant. The money was weighed and put in four hundred sacks, which were carried to the shore by Jews and Moors pressed from the streets. The shrewd interpreter, Salamé, afraid of being set upon by the Kabyle soldiers, refused to take charge of the money to the mole, and the Dey refused to admit four hundred infidel sailors into the palace. A great part of this treasure was green with rust; the Dey's treasury being a cistern in an old castle, where millions of stolen dollars and much gold coin obtained by piracy, had been hoarded from the time of Barbarossa.

Salamé calculated the Algerine loss at more than a million, reckoning the loss of the fleet and the slaves, the payment of troops, the ransom, and the reparation of one hundred thousand houses, besides the long lines of batteries.

The Moorish minister of marine was perhaps a greater sufferer than the Dey by this affair, for he was beheaded the morning after the battle, either for inciting the soldiers to revolt, or for not firing soon enough on the Queen Charlotte.

Lord Exmouth had obtained his peerage, and two thousand pounds a year, for his services with the fleet on the east coast of Spain. In early life this brave Cornishman had covered himself with glory by his capture of the Cleopatre—a crack French ship—with a crew of raw miners, and by saving the men of the Dutton. Always devoted and daring, he was the terror of the French cruisers. On his return from Algiers he was created a viscount, and on the death of Admiral Duckworth (the hero of the Dardanelles in 1817) he was appointed to the chief command in Plymouth. In 1826 he retired from active service. In 1832 he was made Vice-Admiral of England, and died in January, 1833.

One last word about that consummate scoundrel the Dey. When Aga of the Ja-

nissaries, he had roasted the children of the Bey of Oran, and had made their father, whom he afterwards scalped and flayed, eat portions of their flesh. He had succeeded to a wretch, who, getting into the habit of murdering his wives and salting them down in jars, was suffocated in his bath by a black slave. On ascending the throne, the Dey beheaded merchants, and plundered everybody, till that tremendous blow of Exmouth's fist hammered him into better conduct. Soon after our fleet left Algiers, the Janissaries pounced upon the Dey and flung him out of the window of the gallery—a proceeding much to be commended. The two following Deys lived only one year each. Turkey approved highly of their rapid disappearance, as each new Dey, as satrap of the Grand Vizier, pays her one hundred thousand pounds on his election.

An engraving, representing the interviews between the Dey, Rear-Admiral Sir Charles Penrose, and Captain Brisbane, is curious, as illustrating some variations in costume. Captain Brisbane wears a frilled shirt, loose white trousers, straps and shoes, and the old rear-admiral is remarkable for knee-breeches and Hessian boots, while his white hair is combed back into a tight ribboned queue.

LOOKING DOWN THE ROAD.

In the early spring-time
My long watch began;
Through the daisied meadows
Merry children ran;
Happy lovers wandered
Through the forest deep,
Seeking mossy corners
Where the violets sleep.
I in one small chamber
Patiently abode—
At my garret window
Looking down the road.

Watching, watching, watching,
For what came not back!
Summer marked in flowers
All her sunny track,
Hid the dim blue distance
With her robe of green,
Bathed the nearer meadows
In a golden sheen.
Full the fierce sure arrows
Glanced, and gleamed, and glowed
On my garret window
Looking down the road.

Watching, watching, watching,
Oh the pain of hope!
Autumn's shadows lengthened
On the breezy slope;
Groups of tired reapers
Led the loaded wains
From the golden meadows,
Through the dusky lanes;
Home-returning footsteps
O'er the pathway strode—
Not the one I looked for,
Coming down the road.

Winter stripped the branches
Of the roadside tree;
But the frosty hours
Brought no change for me—
Save that I could better,
Through the branches brown,
See the tired travellers
Coming from the town.
Pitiless December
Rained, and hailed, and snowed,
On my garret window
Looking down the road.

At the last I saw it
(Not the form I sought),
Something brighter, purer,
Blessed my sleeping thought.
'Twas a white-robed angel,—
At his steadfast eyes
Paled the wild-fire brightness
Of old memories.
Nearer drew the vision,
While with bated breath
Some one seemed to whisper,
The Deliverer, "Death."
Then my dreaming spirit,
Eased of half its load,
Saw the white wings lessen
Down the dusty road.

God has soothed my sorrow,
He has purged my sin;
Earthly hopes have perished—
Heavenly rest I win.
Dull and dead endurance
Is no portion here;
I am strong to labour,
And my rest is near.
Lifting my dull glances
From the fields below,
So the light of Heaven
Settles on my brow.
O my God, I thank thee,
Who that angel showed,
From my garret window
Looking down the road.

SLEEPERS AWAKENED.

ABOUT ten months ago I came straight from Seville, in the south of Spain, through Madrid and Bayonne to Paris, and thence, without drawing rein—if such things as reins can be drawn in a railway train—to CALAIS, where I was to wait for a person with a letter from England. I had the gout at the time, and a raging toothache; it had rained all the way from Bordeaux, and I was excessively miserable. Perhaps, of all the many miseries of travelling (and I am beginning to think they far outnumber its felicities), there is none so acute as coming suddenly upon gloomy savage Winter, with the knowledge that you have just left summer behind you. Nothing could have been more exquisite than the weather I had been enjoying in Andalusia, down to a certain Monday in March last. I used to sleep with the windows open—which was very imprudent, they told me—and I never ate fewer than half a dozen oranges before breakfast—which was

more imprudent still, they said. I used to sit till midnight in a café of the Calle de los Sierpes, eating ices, and fancying myself at the Dominica in the Antilles, and I went to a gipsy fandango in a white waistcoat and pantaloons. But what are you to do in the clime of perpetual summer? Are you to shiver, and wear a Welsh wig and tallow your nose when the thermometer keeps rising till it promises to rival the Luxor obelisk in altitude? I left Seville absolutely sunburnt; and for the sun to burn *my* countenance is something like gilding refined gold. Imagine my feelings, then, when I found the Landes near Bordeaux rendered mistier than ever, by a drizzling sleet, and the wretched shepherds, looking more woebegone than ever, shivering on their stilts. (By-the-by, I want to know why the sheep in marshy districts should not likewise wear stilts? It would preserve them from the foot-rot, which painful malady, I am given to understand, decimates the flocks in wet weather. An objection to the use of artificial legs might be raised, on the score of sheep being animals which are sent out that they may pasture; and it might be difficult to cause the grass to rise, mechanically, to a level with the browsers' lips.) The discussion of an untenable hypothesis is no bad pastime when you are alone, and dull, and wretched, and the theory of sheep on stilts enabled me to withstand, till I reached Calais, a very strong temptation to fling myself from the carriage window. I forget what kind of weather they were having in Paris. In fact, I had ceased to know anything about Paris.

I reached Calais at about one o'clock in the afternoon, and at the end of the week. I found that between Monday in Seville and Saturday in the department of the Pas de Calais, there was the difference of a wide, wide world. It had ceased raining for a time; it had held up, apparently, for the kind purpose of giving the frost a chance; and no patent refrigerator could have done its work quicker than the process of congelation which had covered the streets of Calais, above the puddles and the mud, with a thin coating of ice. Everybody at Calais seemed to be shivering; and the man at the station who puts the foot-warmers into the carriages—they always remind me, either of leaden coffins, or of sausage-rolls with the sausages turned to hot water—the man who distributes those articles, and who pokes them against your ankles just as your are dropping off to sleep, and drags them out viciously as though they were wild animals crouching in a corner of the cage—this man was sitting on a pile of these leaden coffins (I hope the water had become tepid), and was blowing his fingers to keep himself warm. I had done my best to scald the coats of my stomach with coffee, at Amiens; but the chicory of which it was composed, though it smoked a great deal, would not scald. This may account for my also shivering, and so being in keeping with the people of Calais,

who shivered *con amore*. As the town itself is but a sickly kind of place, I thought it by no means unlikely that before the winter's day was over, the entire concern would shiver itself off its balance and into the port: which would be no great loss to the French empire, or to humanity in general, I take it. From these remarks, you will be enabled to form the opinion that I do not approve of Calais. I do not. It represents nothing to me but discontent, disappointment, and the dismal. As for the heroic burghers of Calais, who appeared before Edward the Third in their shirts and with ropes round their necks, and as for the kind-hearted English queen who pleaded for their lives, and had her prayer granted by her gruesome spouse, those inexorably matter-of-fact gentlemen, the French historians, have discovered that the whole story is a myth, of no more trustworthiness than the legends of John of Paris and Genevieve of Brabant. The burghers of Calais, according to those destroyers of the romantic, were traitorous shopkeepers in the pay of King Edward, and the shirts and halts were all a blind, and Eustache de St. Pierre cunningly "sold" Calais to the English, and made rather a good thing by the transaction. Whatever there may be mythical in its history, Calais itself, however, remains. It is not an agreeable place. I prefer Dunkirk. I would rather be at Boulogne. I would sooner, even, inhabit St. Omer, although there is nothing to be found in the last-named place but manufacturers of tobacco-pipes, and Legitimist families, who call M. de Chambord Henry the Fifth. Calais is gloomily suggestive of debt, duns, broken-down dandies, decayed billiard-markers, copper captains with vixenish wives and dowdy daughters, bad brandy, and bloody Queen Mary. At school we used to read that the ever-burning queen was wont to remark that when she died the word Calais would be found graven on her heart. It was a fit aspiration for the tar-barrel of a woman, and it is some consolation to know that the only human being who ever liked Calais, and regretted its loss, was the moody spouse of Philip of Spain.

The person who was to meet me, arrived, after a seasonably stormy passage, and went back again to Dover next day. And there was another letter to be brought to me; and the person, after travelling to London, had to return once more to Dover, and rejoin me at Calais. I don't think I ever spent a drearier time than I did from that Saturday to that Monday. I have been snowed up, frozen up, burnt out, and inundated. I have been besieged by the yellow fever and the cholera. I have been beleaguered by a hostile army in the society of some thousands of citizens, and bombarded. I have been in the defunct Queen's Bench; I have been laid up with a sprained ankle in a garret, short of coals, on a foggy day, and with a man playing "The Last Rose of Summer" on a cracked flute in the street below. I have had to undergo, at a scientific institution, and with a serious aunt, a lecture about Spiders. I have been to an oratorio. I have sat out the Gamester. I have read Robertson's

history of Charles the Fifth. But I had never "done" Calais before March last; and I humbly hope and pray that I may never be forced to "do" it again under similar circumstances.

I suppose I had passed through Calais at least thirty times. But the boat, the buffet, and the railway arrival, leave very little of Calais to be grumbled at by the traveller who takes the accelerated mail to Paris. How many thousands of tourists pass through Cologne every year, without ever seeing the cathedral and the shrine of the three kings? Boulogne, it is true, has become intimately known to the travelling public; but then Boulogne is really a charming watering-place, and, for the sake of auld lang syne, has been so beautified and caressed by the present Emperor of the French, as to be almost unrecognisable by those who knew it in the old diligence days, when it was chiefly remarkable for dirt, dulness, and the presence of needy Britons. Those outlaws do not affect Boulogne much, now-a-days. The new Bankruptcy Act has all but abrogated outlawry, and, again, Boulogne has grown to be so fashionable, and so easy of access, that Britons in debt run considerable risk of meeting their creditors in the Rue Napoleon or at the Etablissement. There may be sanguine spirits who regard Calais likewise as a "watering-place." There is certainly water enough in the port to drown yourself, and that is all.

I am glad to record that—with a tolerably accurate topographical memory—I do not recollect the name of a single street in Calais, and that I do not know whether the dismal gap where the town-hall is situated, is called the Grande Place, or the Place d'Armes, or the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville. I think I saw a blackened statue, somewhere, in a niche, with its nose much blurred, and two fingers of the left hand gone; but I have not the slightest idea whether that effigy was erected to the memory of Eustache de St. Pierre, or the French Constable who took Calais from the English, or Beau Brummel, or the Commendatore in Don Giovanni.

Beau Brummel! Ha! there ought to be something in *that*. I have seen the farce of the Birthplace of Podgers, and know how much there is to venerate in associations hallowed by the memory of the illustrious dead. Here I was at Calais, with nothing to do but wait and groan—the groaning being mingled with an occasional screech, when the aching tooth grew jealous of the gouty toe—and what could I do better than think about Beau Brummel? How he lived the sad afternoon of his butterfly life. How he died:—no, it was at Caen that he faded away into extinction, an idiot in a public hospital. There was a high-shouldered long-legged old gentleman, in a wig and a short pea-green coat with a poodle collar, trotting before me as I hobbled painfully along, and whom I tried to liken to Brummel. He grew as shabby as that, I reflected. What would Alvanley, what would his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, have thought of that dashing

friend in that shabby cloak and those shabby pantaloons? I tried to get Captain Jesse's *Life of George Brummel, Esq.*, at the circulating library, but the book was in hand. I attempted to bespeak it, but the library-keeper told me that it was always in hand. "Il s'en va la peine de lire ces *Mémoires de Monsieur Brummel*," the man said, speaking of his English customers. Do they study the life of the poor worn-out dandy as an example or as a warning, I wonder? I forgot to mention that the hotel to which I drove on my arrival was Dessein's. **DESSEIN'S HOTEL!** There are associations enough connected with that immortal inn and the illustrious Dead to satisfy the most enthusiastic admirers of Podgerism. I believe George the Fourth put up at Dessein's when he passed through Calais on his way to Hanover, and departed without seeing Brummel. To Dessein's, too, came Louis the Eighteenth when he first set foot in France after his twenty years' exile. They covered the place on the pier which had been covered by his foot—a broad foot it was, somewhat inclining to the elephantine—with a brazen plate, commemorating the happy day of the Bourbon's return. They almost deified the gross old fellow. They kicked his brother out of France fifteen years afterwards, and I suppose the brass plate—unless it be preserved in the museum of some Legitimist pipemaker at St. Omer—was long ago melted down by a marine store dealer.

But what are George the Superb and Louis the Desired among the associative Dead in comparison with the Reverend Mr. Yorick, and the Sentimental Journey, and LAURENCE STERNE? I was at Dessein's. And walking or even hobbling under the influence of gout being an amusement of which a very little went a long way, I sat on a three-legged stool under a covered gallery in Dessein's court-yard, and moralised for considerably more than three-quarters of an hour on Shandyism in general. There were but three guests staying at Monsieur Dessein's, and I had nearly the whole inn to myself. I peopled the desolate court-yard with Sentimental figures. There was the door of the remise; there was the "little French captain," who came "dancing up the street;" there was the Franciscan monk, his pale cheek yet crimsoned with the cruel rebuff he had suffered from the Sentimental Traveller. There, upon my life, was the very "*Désobligeante*" itself, and the Reverend Mr. Yorick, né Sterne, in propria persona, with his six shirts and his pair of black silk breeches in a cloak-bag, and the manuscript of the second volume of Shandy under his arm, flirting with the Flemish countess. It was delightful! I expected every moment to see *La Fleur* pass by, whistling, with his immortal curl papers, and the little *lingère* come tripping up with her bandbox to know if the Monsieur Anglais wanted any embroidered bands and laced ruffles. I peeped into the porter's lodge to see whether there might not be haply in a cage a starling who could not get out. I looked out of the *porte cochère*, and ex-

pected to find the grisette trying on the sentimental gentleman's gloves; every moment I was prepared to see rumbling into the court-yard a heavy chaise de poste, with Mr. Walter Shandy, ex Turkey merchant, of Shandy Hall, and Captain Tobias Shandy, his brother, inside, and Corporal Trim, their faithful body-servant, in the dickey. For, the court-yard of Dessein's brought back to my mind, not unnaturally I hope, all the scenes and all the characters in that wonderful human comedy, of which you find Frenchmen and Italians and Spaniards discourse with as much delighted appreciation as any English lover of Sterne can do.

It was an awful disappointment. I underwent a terrible revulsion of feeling when I was informed shortly before dinner-time by the wondrous landlord of the very clean and comfortable hotel, and who is, I believe, a lineal descendant of the innkeeper immortalised in the *Journey*, that Dessein's, as it at present exists, is not by any means the Dessein of the Reverend Mr. Yorick. It is not even a new house built on the site of the old mansion. The old original Dessein's is in quite another part of the town, and is no longer an hotel, but has been turned into a Municipal Museum. I did not go to see the curiosities which the municipality of Calais are good enough to exhibit free of charge. I do not know what those curiosities are. Eustache de St. Pierre's hypocritical shirt and halter might be among them, but they were nothing to me. I was thoroughly disgusted and all but heart-broken.

After this I gave up Calais as a hopeless place, and the rain coming down again in so persistently leaden a manner that it might have been mistaken for a torrent of Goulard water, I withdrew to the solitude of the *salle à manger*, the principal decoration of which apartment consisted of a faded screen covered with horrifying caricatures, seemingly satirising the vices and follies of the world before the Flood. I have heard people profess to like old caricatures; but to me they are as melancholy as old love-letters. The vain and silly creatures laughed at, are all in their graves.

I have a very indistinct remembrance of how I got through the next day, Sunday. I know that it rained continually, and that the coals hissed in the grate as though they were damp, as they probably were. I can vaguely recollect the apparition of a Fried Sole, alone in the dish, desolate, on a napkin like a winding-sheet, and of some anchovy sauce, which had gotten a crust like old port wine, and for many minutes declined to be either persuaded or forced from the cruet, but at last came out with a blob in a far larger quantity than was required, and looked like dissolved sealing-wax made into a compost with sprats. I know that I made several desperate attempts to read a copy of the *Sentimental Journey*, placed in the public-room by the obliging Monsieur Dessein for the convenience of travellers. It was a sumptuous edition, though slightly out of repair, in the French and English languages,

in big type, with a bigger margin, and embellished with old-fashioned line-engravings, which must have cost a deal of money. But I could not read it. The Désobligeante, the grisette, the Franciscan monk, and the little French captain, had no longer any charms for me. I preferred sitting in a huge arm-chair, gazing idiotically upon an English waiter, prematurely bald, and with a fringe of red whisker, who came from Tooting, so he told me, and didn't like Calais. The people had got no 'art, he said. Calais, and the weather, and the scarcity of travellers, had made him the wretchedest of mankind. I speculated every time he left the room on the chances of his having gone out to hang himself.

If this state of things had threatened to continue, say for two days longer, I must either have gone back to Spain, or offered myself to a recruiting officer as a substitute in the French army, or killed somebody, or myself. Mercifully, however, the boat which was to bring the person I expected was due on Sunday night. The night-mail usually arrives at about one A.M. How I counted the minutes from dinner-time to midnight; and how all the minutes seemed hours, the half-hours years, and the hours ages! I dallied with the fried sole at dinner, and I made an anatomical examination of the head of that fish. Did you ever dissect a fried sole's head? The study is a very curious one. I did my best to engage the melancholy waiter in conversation, but could get nothing out of him beyond a repetition of the statement that he was a native of Tooting, and that the people of Calais had no 'art. I made another dive into the Sentimental Journey, but it was a failure, and even the scene at the opera with the dwarf who threatens to cut the German's queue off, failed to make me laugh. I went out into the corridor, and read the framed and glazed advertisements on the walls, till I fell into a chaotic frame of mind, and became imbued with the persuasion that Bully's toilet-vinegar was made at the Schweizerhof Hotel, Lucerne, and that the steamers of the Messageries Impériales ran on Tuesdays and Thursdays from the carpet manufactory of M. Sallandrouge de Lamornaia to Mr. Medwin, boot-maker (by appointment) to the late Prince Consort.

I hobbled out to a café in the Grande Rue, if that be the name of a long narrow street full of thorough draughts, which runs from the gap where there is the statue, towards the suburb of St. Pierre-les-Calais. The steam of wet umbrellas, the odour of absinthe, and the clinking of dominoes, very soon drove me out again. I went back to Dessein's and took a carriage, and drove down to the port—it was now about eleven—to wait there till the steamer came in.

The night was a very stormy one, and the boat was not true to her time. As I sat selfishly smoking inside, the driver put his head in at the window and suggested that it was exceedingly cold, and that his horse was slightly inclined to inflammation of the chest.

Could I not alight somewhere and wait till the boat came in? I was nothing loth; but where was I to wait? All the little cabarets about the port were closed, and the Calais railway terminus is outside the town gates. The driver suggested that his mother's cousin was a waiter at the terminus buffet, enjoying the confidence of his chiefs, as most French employés do; and although that establishment was not open to the public before the steamer was in, I could doubtless obtain admission at a side-door and refresh myself with coffee until the "paquebot Anglais" was signalled as coming into harbour. I very gladly acceded to this arrangement, for even Monsieur Dessein's silk squabs were beginning to feel chilly, and, after some parley at the side-door, and the assurance on the part of my guide to the janitor within that I was a person of the highest consideration, a chain was loosened, sundry bars were undrawn, and I gained ingress to that well-remembered *salle à manger* of the Calais buffet where I had so often swallowed a hasty supper. The waiter enjoying the confidence of his chiefs had risen to let me in, from a flock bed, apparently supported on two pairs of colossal scissors outstretched. He had a white nightcap on, which, combined with his white necktie and other waiterial appurtenances, gave him an inconceivably droll and pantomimic appearance. He yawned as fearfully as M. L'Éveillé in the Barber of Seville, and, so soon as he had admitted me, went to bed again. To reach the buffet I had to cross a portion of the station. Everything was asleep. Everything seemed dead. The paquebot Anglais was not yet signalled, and until that warning was given she might not have been due—so far as the Calais station was concerned—until the Greek Kalandes.

Railway coffee, I suppose, knows no rest, but is always simmering, like a witches' caldron. Another waiter, whom I found meriting the confidence of his chiefs by sleeping under the counter of the buffet, brought me a demie tasse, and I sat down by the great fire at the top of the room, and warmed myself. The gas was all turned down to the very lowest pitch at which it would burn—the pitch at which apothecaries keep it to serve as a taper, when they wish to seal their nice little packets of nasty things. The room was full of conflicting shadows, intersecting each other at all sorts of angles, until they danced off at last into corners and merged into one deep shade. The snowy tablecloths looked very ghostly in their long perspective. The red firelight winked lazily in the cut glass and cutlery and electro-plate. The air was laden with a soft and drowsy sound, as of a trombone played under a feather-bed, which I fancied proceeded from the entire railway staff of the Calais railway station, all meriting the confidence of their chiefs, and snoring in unison. A great Angora cat, majestic, grey, bewigged and tippetted, and the very image of the late Lord Chief Justice Denman, was lying on the chair by the fireside opposite me. The creature

winked, and blinked, and purred, and nodded its grave head, until I, too, began to wink, and blink, and nod, and, I dare say, pur—and then I fell asleep.

I woke up with a start, dreaming I had heard a great crash of stringed instruments as in the Upas Tree scene of the *Africaine*. I woke up to find the Sleepers Awakened. The gas from a hundred burners was all ablaze. The glass shone like diamonds; the cutlery and electro-plate gleamed like suits of Milan steel; I was surrounded by mirrors in glowing gold frames; a dame du comptoir was smiling sweetly out of a grove of apples, pears, and brandy-bottles. Legions of active and wide-awake waiters were flying about with basins of bouillon, and cups of coffee, and cold fowls, and plates of galantine, and bottles of Bordeaux. The Sleepers had Awakened. The room was a wilderness of railway rugs, hand-bags, hat-boxes, waterproofs, reticules, valises, umbrellas, and travellers. Pale Frenchmen in monstrous wrappers, still shuddering from the stomachic influences of the British Channel; children yelling for something to eat; athletic Britons clamouring for something to drink; elderly Britons threatening to write to the Times because the soup was cold; ladies who had lost their luggage tickets; gentlemen who had found their change short; couriers, commissionaires, inspectors, footmen, and ladies' maids. It was a Babel, where only twenty minutes before had been the Palace of the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood. The paquebot *Anglais* was in. The majestic *Angora* so very like Lord Denman had prudently withdrawn herself. The noisy scene was no place for her.

I found the person of whom I was in quest, and early next morning bade a very affectionate adieu to Calais, and by the Friday following had crossed the Alps and reached Venice, there to find early spring, bright sun, blue sky, balmy breezes, and open-air cafés. It has often occurred to me since that it is by no means improbable that Calais may be a very nice town. One of the jolliest Englishmen I know lives there, and has reared a blooming family there. Perhaps I might have formed a different opinion of Calais had not my mind been jaundiced by having come to it eleven hundred miles out of summer into winter, with the gout and the toothache.

HAREEM LIFE AT CAIRO.

EUROPEANS seldom know anything of what really passes in hareems, as the Turks are exceedingly jealous of their domestic life being talked about. Many intrigues and scandals take place, and are known to the ladies in other hareems, but rarely transpire beyond their walls. The two following events took place not long ago at Cairo, and rather interfere with our ideas (chiefly taken from the *Arabian Nights*) of the poetry of Turkish life.

On the road to Old Cairo lives a Bey, whom

we will call Hassan, and whose wife had been a slave of the viceroy's. It is deemed a great honour to receive a cast-off slave-girl of the viceroy, or of one of the princes, as a wife, and the lady usually gives herself airs, and generally leads her poor husband a miserable life, by threatening to complain to the Effendina's mother, unless all her whims are gratified. Hassan Bey's wife at some fantasia heard the celebrated singer Suleiman, and was enchanted with his voice. She sought every occasion of seeing him, and one day he rode under her windows while she happened to be looking out from behind the *musharibieh*. The lady from that day refused to eat, became melancholy and sullen, and at length one of her old slaves ventured to ask the cause of the Khanoum's sorrow. On being told it, the old woman reflected awhile, and then proposed to her mistress to marry Suleiman to one of the girls in the hareem who had a fine voice, and was rather a favourite in consequence. The lady approved of the idea, and charged the old woman with the direction of the affair. Suleiman, thinking that out of so good a house as Hassan Bey's he would get valuable marriage-gifts with his wife, accepted the proposal. The marriage was celebrated with some pomp; and Zeeneb, the slave-girl, was envied by her less fortunate companions at having made so brilliant a marriage; for Suleiman earned large sums by singing at marriage-feasts and burials. The old woman now explained to Suleiman why her mistress had given him one of her favourite slaves, and that he must manage to come often to the hareem on some pretext or other. For some time things went on smoothly, until Suleiman became fonder of his own wife than of the other lady, and neglected going to the hareem as often as the latter wished, and also gave less *baksheesh* to the eunuchs and slaves. Hassan Bey, sitting in his divan one day, overheard his people talking of Suleiman, of *baksheesh*, and of his frequent visits, and summoned the chief eunuch, demanding what all this meant? The Aga hesitated, but threats soon loosened his tongue, and he denounced the old slave woman as chief authoress and abettor of the intrigue. Hassan Bey had her brought before him, and gave her the alternative of bringing Suleiman to the hareem within an hour's time, or of losing her head. Thoroughly frightened, she went off to Suleiman's house, and implored him to come to her mistress, dying, as she said, from longing to see her heart's beloved one. Zeeneb had her suspicions aroused by the evident trepidation of the woman's manner, and besought her husband not to go. The old woman threatened to destroy his livelihood through her mistress's influence in the vice-regal hareem, and Suleiman at last yielded, but promised Zeeneb that this should be his last visit to Hassan Bey's hareem. Unfortunately for poor Suleiman, his words turned out true, for Hassan Bey cut him down as he entered the door. Zeeneb waited for her husband for some hours, and then sent her mother-in-law to inquire after him. Hassan

Bey himself received her, and, showing her the dead body of her son, bade her begone. She burst forth in a torrent of reproaches and bitter lamentations, which so enraged him that, drawing his sword, he killed her too. By his orders, the corpses were flung into the Nile, close by, after small black crosses, such as the Copts wear, had been hung round their necks to divert suspicion. Next morning the bodies were found, and were buried in the Coptic burial-ground by a priest, on the supposition of their being Christians. The disappearance of Suleiman caused some wonder, but it was soon forgotten, and it was no more talked of, until the viceroy's mother gave a fantasia at the marriage of some slave-girl in her harem, when Zeeneb was summoned with other gazialis, or singing-women. When it was her turn to sing, she rose, burst into tears, and, falling at the Validè Khanoum's feet, declared she could not sing, and implored justice. The princess stopped the fête, and inquired what she meant. Zeeneb then related that Suleiman, her husband, had had an intrigue with Hassan Bey's wife, had gone one day against his wish to her harem, and had never returned; that his mother had gone to make inquiry for him, and had never been seen since; and that she suspected foul play. The Validè Khanoum promised that justice should be done, and kept her word; for the viceroy summoned Hassan Bey before the council, interrogated him, and sentenced him to banishment at Fazoglou (the Egyptian Cayenne). Since then, nothing has been heard of Hassan Bey's wife. Whether she was killed by his orders or by Ismail Pasha's, or is still alive, imprisoned in some distant harem, is a mystery; but it is improbable that Hassan Bey would have dared to touch a woman who came out of the vice-regal harem.

The second tale is more tragic and touching. Osman Bey, so we will name him, had two daughters, Fatmé and Elmass, whose mother had died young; the Bey had not married again, and left the two girls very much to the care of their old nurse. A young Turk, living close by, had seen Fatmé as a child in the doorway with the eunuchs, and had observed her pretty face; he by chance caught a glimpse of her at the open musharibiéh, and demanded her in marriage of her father. Osman Bey answered that he was honoured by Shaheen Bey's proposal; but although there was nothing to object to in point of fortune, or so forth, yet he declined to give him his daughter, as he lived much with infidel dogs, and was therefore no true Mussulman. "Piqué au jeu," and deeply smitten with Fatmé's charms, Shaheen Bey contrived to bribe the old nurse, who introduced him into the harem dressed in woman's clothes. No Turk, it should be observed, can enter his own harem when a lady is there on a visit; and even should he have strong reason to suspect the visitor to be a man in disguise, he would never dare to touch the seeming lady. Woe betide him should he unveil a woman! and he can, of course, never be sure of his suspicions. Fatmé, of the mature age of fifteen, was much delighted

at the impression she had produced, and soon her love for Shaheen Bey became as strong as his passion for her; but Elmass grew jealous, and threatened to tell her father, quoting at the same time an old Turkish proverb: "Whoever does not beat his daughter will one day strike his knees in vain." Fatmé in great alarm took counsel with her old nurse, who suggested that Shaheen Bey should bring his younger brother to amuse Elmass, and that, being then equally culpable with her elder sister, she would say nothing. The two brothers paid frequent visits to the harem, and all went well for some time, until Shaheen Bey committed the extreme imprudence of going into the harem undisguised. Coming out, he met Osman Bey, who recognised him in spite of his efforts to cover his face; a tremendous struggle ensued, in the course of which the old father was thrown down; and Shaheen Bey got away. By dint of threats, Osman Bey made the eunuchs confess that they had long suspected the sex of the two visitors, and by a vigorous application of the whip he got the whole truth out of the nurse. In a towering passion he went directly to the viceroy's secretary, who, more civilised than the Turks usually are, tried to persuade the Bey to hush up the whole thing, and marry the two young couples. Osman Bey would listen to nothing, and insisted on the affair being laid before Ismail Pasha, who condemned the two brothers to be sent to Fazoglou. The youngest, luckily for himself, died soon after passing Thebes. The two girls and their nurse were sentenced to death. Horrified by so severe a decree, Osman Bey threw himself at the Effendina's feet, and after many prayers obtained a commutation of his daughters' sentence to imprisonment for life among the female galley-slaves.

To keep order in the numerous hareems, it is necessary to strike terror into the hearts of the women who are shut up, without interest, education, or occupation. Doubtless many events quite as sad as the foregoing occur within the high walls of the hareems, of which we Europeans have no idea.

TABERNACLE LODGE.

THERE are mysteries that may be guessed; mysteries that may be guessed *at*; and, finally, mysteries that will never be guessed at all. The interpretation of many a dark enigma that, in its time, moved the hearts of thousands with a curiosity almost painful, lies buried in the secret-keeping earth, the component elements indistinguishable dust. Nothing, perhaps, remains but the recollection of a sort of confused drama, played in snatches, out of earshot, by very-much-in-earnest actors, till the curtain ceased to rise, and there was only silence, and a taste of tears.

It was—unless we accept the one solution which will be offered at the end—a mystery of this last description that, nearly a century ago,

in the little hamlet of Holyton, between Garcosh and Thankerton, in Westmoreland, supplied food for conjecture not only to the dwellers in that sequestered neighbourhood, but the country at large.

Holyton, in the last century, was but an irregular clump of little detached dwellings, nestling in the bend of a valley, and holding itself coyly aloof from the rest of the world. The highway from Garcosh to Thankerton passed within a mile, and, as if suddenly remembering that there was such a place as Holyton, shot off a by-road—flinty and forbidding enough—in search of it.

Holyton's wants were few, and its one little shop went near—with the exception of meat—to supply all the essential needs of life. There were no poor in the village. At least one-half of the limited population were Quakers. Those who were not of that brotherhood were accustomed to walk four long miles to their place of worship at Thankerton; and this little Sunday procession—sole link between Holyton and the world—afforded to its contented people all the excitement they desired.

There was one exception to this habitual non-intercourse with the rest of mankind, comprising an excitement the quiet folks did *not* desire—and that was the periodical visits of Nin Small, a travelling tinker, a man of savage aspect, of colossal size, of bellicose propensities, and of temper, when in his cups, which can only be compared to that of a bull, naturally irritable, exasperated by toothache. Mr. Small was reported to be of gipsy descent. He had, indeed, not attempted to conceal that his ancestors had been lords of Little Egypt, until expelled by the Saracens on account of their Christian faith, which, notwithstanding, they seemed somehow to have left behind them. Mr. Small's manifest short-comings in this particular, not to speak of his unstable temper, caused great uneasiness at Holyton; but the carnal aid he afforded—for he was a first-rate and most expeditious workman—was too valuable to be lost. Moreover, he was an embodied news-letter. Great was the mass of tidings, six months old, he had to relate; and no sooner was the burly ruffian, with his barrow, seen tramping up the little-frequented thoroughfare, than it was who should catch him first—tired, indeed, and thirsty, but fairly civil, and full of news and work. The joy, in fact, at his arrival, was only surpassed by that which hailed his departure!

Quaker houses are proverbially neat; but the last, and largest, cottage in the village, where resided a widow, Dorcas Hodgkin, and her little daughter, was both neat and pretty. Hodgkin had met with some reverse of fortune, followed quickly by his death, leaving his wife and child in circumstances that threatened to compel them to part with the home endeared to them by the recollection of many tranquil days. There seemed but one alternative, and that Dorcas did not like. But it did not matter, for the chance of finding a satisfactory lodger, at a place so secluded as Holyton, seemed beyond the pale of hope.

It happened that old Adam Purslet, who inhabited one of the smaller tenements, had crept out into his very diminutive garden, and, while pottering among his lettuces, became aware of a horse-tramp, and the astounding phenomenon of a stranger passing through the village, leading his horse by the bridle.

Casting impatient glances right and left, the stranger descried Adam, and, halting, leaned upon the paling.

"Ho, there, old Adam!"

"Thee knowest my name?" said the old man, in some surprise.

"I see your occupation, which was Adam's," replied the stranger, with a sneer. "Is there never a forge at hand? See how my good horse is lamed by your cursed roads."

"Execration will little mend them, friend, and may do theeself very grievous hurt," said Adam.

The stranger uttered a short hollow laugh.

Adam noticed that his face was very thin and pale, and his eye somewhat sunken. The features, however, were cast in a refined mould, and, but for their expression, which, when it was not one of profound melancholy, smacked of disdain, he might have been esteemed a sufficiently personable man, of about thirty. His hair fell in jetty ringlets over the collar and cape of his riding-coat, which, like the rest of his dress, was of fine material. His horse was a magnificent roadster—one of those for which, in days when this manly mode of travel was in vogue, no price was considered too high. Pistols in the holsters, and a small valise strapped to the back of the saddle, completed the ordinary equipment of a well-to-do traveller of the time.

"Good morrow to thee, John the less," said old Purslet to a Quaker youth, who passed and smiled to him.

"Are ye all 'ducks' in this neighbourhood?" inquired the stranger.

"If by 'ducks' thee meanest Friends, hadst thee not better say so," returned Adam Purslet, "seeing that the term hath not obtained among us?"

The traveller repeated his sepulchral laugh, and again inquired, with some impatience, whether a forge existed in the neighbourhood.

Adam replied that there was none nearer than Thankerton, at which the stranger croaked a laugh.

And John the less, who had lingered near, regretted that Nin Small was not just then at hand, as he that restored Dorcas Hodgkin's boiler to a condition rather better than new, could surely construct a horse's temporary shoe.

"When would this Tubal Cain return?" inquired the traveller.

"If thee hast studied thy Bible only to devise ill-fitting names, I have fear of thy condition, friend," said Adam.

"When, I ask you, will this fellow be back hither?" repeated the stranger, with a raised voice.

"We look for him very shortly," said the lesser John.

"To-day?"

"In four months," said John, cheerfully.

The traveller turned his sunken eyes upon them, for a moment, in silence. Then, as suddenly resolved, he said:

"Good. I'll wait for him."

"Thee has more patience than I should have believed of thee," remarked the plain-spoken Adam. "Wait four months to have thy poor beast shod, rather than put him to pain? I stand rebuked before thee."

"The place seems quiet as the grave," the stranger remarked, looking up and down the little street, in which no sign of life was visible. "I need repose and stillness. Is there any house of entertainment or lodging in this—what d'ye call it?—Holyton?"

Inn there was none. As for lodging—Adam hesitated, for he knew that Dorcas Hodgkin had conceived the idea of accepting an inmate, could such be found, in preference to abandoning her much-cherished home. Yet something seemed to whisper him that the strange, pale pilgrim, who wanted repose and stillness, would not prove an eligible tenant. Nevertheless, the conscientious Adam could not deny that the prettiest cottage in the place stood in need of a lodger; and, as the stranger, noticing his hesitation, pressed him on the subject, but a few minutes elapsed before Mrs. Hodgkin had to descend and give audience to an unexpected visitor.

No record of the dialogue was preserved, excepting that the stranger, on learning the proposed rent, produced a bundle of notes, and was with difficulty prevented from paying two years in advance. With regard to references, he had observed that, though he was not in the habit of carrying about his character in his pocket, he would obtain one, by an early post from the metropolis, of such a nature as to occasion the most poignant regret to the Friends among whom he hoped henceforth to sojourn, that he did not actually belong to their fraternity.

Gentle Dorcas Hodgkin thought little of the scarcely covert sneer, for, strange to say, the face and manner that had so unfavourably impressed neighbour Purslet, had, upon *her*, the precisely opposite effect. She saw, in her intending lodger, a man aged before his time by mental and bodily ills of no common kind. His soft voice and most melancholy smile conveyed, she thought, an appeal for that sympathy only the more precious to haughty natures, because it is not sought in words. Even his curious hollow laugh exacted pity, for it told of something about the chest and lungs which might require more than repose and solitude to set it right.

Thus it came to pass that the stranger, who announced that his name was Lopré, took up his abode at Tabernacle Lodge, and began, without delay, to reap opinions of the most auriferous nature from all sorts of men. His

merit, it must be admitted, was of a negative character. He bore himself like a man of breeding, and he did no harm. Some baggage, including sundry huge brown books secured with brazen clasps, arrived from southwards, and the bringer took back Monsieur Lopré's horse, to be sold, for what he would fetch, at a neighbouring fair.

Monsieur Lopré, who was French in nothing but his name, turned out, in fact, the pearl of lodgers. He gave so little trouble, that Dorcas felt almost dissatisfied. There was no channel of approach by which she and little Ruth—her mother's active and interested ally—could make known to the solitary man the sympathy they felt for his evidently failing health and broken spirits. He ate little, and drank less. A slice of brown bread and a cup of cream for breakfast, an omelette or a couple of rashers of farm-bacon for dinner, appeared to be the objects of his choice; but if, for these, a dish of tomcats or a stewed squirrel had been substituted, Dorcas felt, with a heavy heart, that her lodger would have accomplished his meal with unchanged indifference. His time seemed to be about equally divided between eager study of his mighty books and meditative wanderings—sometimes protracted far into the night—among the dense neglected woods that, beginning just without the village, clothed the adjacent slopes for miles around.

Some weeks had elapsed in this fashion, when Dorcas's interest in her singular guest was increased by hearing, as she fancied, sounds of deep distress issuing from his chamber. This occurred more and more frequently; and, though it was manifest to the listener that every effort was being made by the unhappy man to suppress these tokens of suffering, it was equally clear that his anguish, whatever its nature, could not be tamed to silence. At such times he would move about the room for an hour together, until, apparently exhausted, he would sink heavily upon the couch, when choking sobs and half-articulate ejaculation bore testimony to the tempest that continued to rage within.

On one of these occasions—it was about noon—Dorcas was passing his door, when an exclamation struck her ear, having so much the tone of actual corporal suffering, that, acting upon womanly impulse, she opened the door and went in.

Lopré was seated at the table, reading. He had one of his great books open before him, over which, as she entered, he spread his handkerchief, and he gazed at Dorcas with an air of indifferent question, so well and hastily assumed, that, but for his still quivering lip and the drops that stood upon his brow, she might have fancied her ears had been deceived. As it was, murmuring an apology, she withdrew.

Ruth could not scold her mother; but she did hazard the undutiful remark that, had she been in that mother's place, she would have ventured more.

Ruth was a very pretty little damsel of ten, beyond her years in intelligence, and the most

precise of little puritans. She dressed, and endeavoured to demean herself, exactly like her mother. She had the self-possession of middle age, and her remarks were often more in harmony with that period of life than with her own. She was, perhaps, the only creature in the village who had never experienced that mysterious feeling, not absolutely unmingled with fear, with which Monsieur Lopré, with his eccentric habits, haughty demeanour, and unspoken griefs, was beginning to be viewed. But the child's heart was sorry for the lonely man, and the wistful expression of her soft blue eyes, as she occasionally ministered to his wants, had attracted the notice of the recluse, and perhaps induced him to break his habitual silence, and exchange a word or two with his little attendant.

One morning they met upon the stairs:

"Here's a letter for thee, Augustus," said Ruth, and put it in his hand.

"You have learned my name, my little maid?"

"Augustus," is on thy letter," observed Ruth, in a tone of gentle reprehension. "If that be thy baptismal name, thou shouldst have told us sooner, Augustus. Thou needs not to hide what is fit and true."

"Are you not a marvellous little atom, to lecture an elder thus?" said Lopré, much amused.

"I have more to say to thee still," said Ruth, calmly.

"Say on, little grandmother. I hear," replied the lodger, opening his letter with an agitated hand.

"I do not like thy ways."

"What?" exclaimed Lopré, in a tone so fierce, that poor little Ruth turned pale, and began to lose heart. But she made an effort, and added:

"It—it is—for thy own sake, Augustus. Thou art not happy, and I fear thou art not in the way to be so. Thou hast not once attended thy steeple-house—and—"

"Steeple-house! Walk ten miles to hear some droning booby misquote other idiots' dreams?"

"I would not counsel thee to go for *such* a purpose," said Ruth, "but that thou mightest, peradventure, be stirred to prayer. Augustus, thou neglectest that exercise. Canst thou say thy catechism?"

"My catechism and thine are different, my pretty little saint," said Lopré, with a grin that made his cadaverous face more ghastly still. "But, see, you must scold me no more *to-day*. We are going to be busy, for once. Say to your mother that I look for a friend to dine with me. This letter warns me he will be here at six, evening. He is young, and rich, and self-indulgent, and will look for a delicate repast. Spare no cost. Here's money." He put a purse of guineas in her hand. "For the wine, I will take care of that."

"Doth the stranger rest here?" inquired Ruth.

"He—rests—yes—no—that is, he will de-

part late to-night," replied Lopré, with some confusion of manner.

But Ruth's hospitable thoughts were now in the ascendant, and, after another word or two of necessary directions from Lopré, she tripped away to her mother.

According to the accounts subsequently collected, it was near dusk when the expected guest cantered up the village street, and dismounting at Tabernacle Lodge, threw his rein to John the less, who, as the least employed member of the community, was often made of use when help was needed.

The age of the new comer seemed hardly to exceed eighteen. He was a very handsome youth, but pale and dissipated-looking, and a somewhat heavy eye and languid gait told too plainly of the inevitable tax that debauchery and excess had begun to levy upon a frame and constitution intended by nature for long and vigorous life.

The friends greeted each other with great cordiality, embracing, and—as was not unusual—kissing each other on the cheek, after which Lopré led his young guest to a chamber, and while the latter made some change in his toilet, busied himself in preparing the materials for what promised to be a convivial evening.

The resources of both Garcoch and Thackerton had been taxed for that supper, the like of which had never been heard of in Holyton; but the kindly Dorcas was glad to see her mournful tenant roused and cheered, and did her utmost to gratify the epicurean visitor.

It is to be inferred that she succeeded, for the mirth and merriment that began from the moment the stranger rejoined his host ceased not for hours to startle the quiet Friends of the immediate vicinity with unseemly shout and song. The younger reveller had a sweet and musical voice, and the lyrics he selected, though, being—perhaps fortunately—in the French tongue, their purport was to the listeners unintelligible, sounded pleasant to the ear; and, judging from the incessant croak of Lopré's laughter, afforded to that gentleman, at least, unmitigated satisfaction.

One thing, to the credit of the latter, was observable—that, whenever little Ruth was present, he exercised a certain control over his companion's wild and reckless talk; and once, when the young libertine, attracted by the little damsel's extreme beauty, began to address her with silly words, Lopré silenced him with a look no man could misunderstand.

When at length they came forth, which was not till long after moonrise, and the guest's horse, in the custody of the lesser John, was heard pawing at the gate, the youth showed fewer signs of the carouse than did the far more temperate entertainer. The latter looked flushed, was agitated, and had his arm round his friend's shoulder. Was it in affection, or to steady his own steps?

"Farewell, my Frank," he said, as his friend put foot in the stirrup.

The young man looked up to the star-sown

sky. The light Ruth was holding fell upon his uplifted face, and showed it curiously grave and pale.

"I meant to be guided by that very star," he said, "and it has gone out. How singular!"

"Most of her sisters will have followed suit before you get through the wood," said Lopré. "But you cannot miss the way. None have done so yet."

"What the devil do you mean by giving a fellow God-speed in such a tone as *that*? I—I tell you what, Augustus," he added, irresolutely, "I am loth to part with you so soon, and I——"

"You shall *not*, then," interrupted Lopré. "I'll walk beside, and put you in the way. My cloak and hat, Ruth."

She brought them, and the stranger leading his horse, they walked away together.

"Thy friend hath forgotten his weapons of wrath, and I am glad of it, Augustus," said little Ruth, next morning, suddenly exhibiting a pair of pistols.

Lopré gave a quick start, and the colour rose to his brow, as he snatched them from her.

"I marvel not that he was ashamed of them in a house of peace, and so hid them beneath thy reading-chair," continued the little damsel, with some severity.

Lopré laughed, and the circumstance was forgotten.

Frank's visit seemed to work a remarkable change for the better in the tenant of Tabernacle Lodge. He gained colour and flesh. His appetite improved. He was cheerful—almost sociable. No accents of grief were heard, as before, issuing from his chamber. He delighted in Ruth, and held long bantering conversations with her—sometimes opposing her arguments and exhortations, sometimes exhibiting tokens of most suspiciously sudden conversion.

It was probably about three months after Frank's visit, that the appearance of Ninian Small—that desired yet dreaded tinker—roused Holyton from its accustomed torpor. Having been absent somewhat longer than usual, Nin had his hands full, and it was not till the close of the fourth day that he had leisure to commence the drunken orgie that, surely as day follows night, succeeded his intervals of labour.

It was customary with the quaker portion of the community, so soon as it was satisfactorily ascertained that Mr. Small was drunk, to withdraw into their respective tabernacles or dwellings, and make the entrances thereto as secure as possible. But, at present, Nin was in a stage so little advanced as to be harmless company, and more than one Friend lingered round the spot where Mr. Small, seated upon an inverted bucket—which he preferred to any description of chair hitherto in use—amused a knot of villagers with news from London.

He had got through his political budget, and come to subjects of a miscellaneous character, in which what may be termed court and criminal gossip bore a considerable share, and mightily interested the listening circle. It must be con-

fessed that Mr. Small kept his imagination under no very stern control; and when he found, from the open mouths and eyes about him, that he had got hold of a good thing, usually went in for what would, in this age, be called "sensational."

"Ses the king—God bless'n" (hats, except those of the Friends, removed), "ses he, 'I'll niver stand it, Charlotte, d'ye mind me? I won't. He's my godson, is George Frank. Bein' a suvverin and a godfather, my parlyment shall offer a 'ansum reward. Twenty Pounds.'"

"Come, that won't extravagant, for a lord," growled a bystander. "But he never come back?"

"Never more heerd on," said Ninian. "He had spent all his fortune. But his jewels, his nags, his picters, his——. Well, whatever else my lord took his pleasures in, they was left, as if he meant to come back next day. Five pounds was added to the reward (purwidin' he was found murdered); and—here's the bill—no 'tain't—I spiled it wi' a sausage—but it was giv' out that, 'Whereas the Lord George Francis Olliphant had disappeared, aged eighteen, and nobody know'd what the devil had become of him, but thought that a cruel, barbarous, and detestable murder had been committed on his carcass—this here reward, exetterer. GEORGE REX.'"

The recital of this important and authentic document justified a pause and a draught, the former short, the latter long, after which Mr. Small resumed:

"He had been heerd by his vally to say he were invited to visit an old friend, which's name he didn't mention, and which lived nowhere about. Consequently, it was thought to be one Captain Gullayne, a very nice gentleman indeed, but unlucky at play, and had took, it was thought, to the road. The captain, bein' advertised in the Flyin' Postman, tellin' him a aunt had died at an advanced age, and left him a legacy, declined to answer—and was accordingly described. Fifty guineas reward. He was a pale, thin, a—pale—a th——"

The speaker's voice faltered, and became inarticulate. His massive jaw dropped, and his great eyes seemed glued to some object without the circle. It was the face of Lopré, stern and white as the moonlight, exactly fronting him.

"Go on, my worthy friend," he said, quietly. "The description. You have it in your pouch."

"'Tis lost—be cursed to it," said the tinker, sullenly. But he ceased to fumble in his pocket, and suddenly changed his subject and his manner together. Swallowing another hasty draught, he rose, and, with a powerful kick, sent the bucket spinning among the shins of his audience.

"There's enough of stories!" he bellowed; "more ale, there. Hilloo for a rouse!"

And Mr. Small, throwing his gigantic person into an attitude that might be accepted either as an invitation to drink or fight, gave notice by this gesture that the moment had arrived

when the lovers of peace and order might gracefully retire.

Two or three Friends could be seen slipping away, like rabbits to their burrows, and even the "Tip us a stave, Jehoshaphat!" addressed to one of them, as he trundled off, failed to arrest that gentleman's flight. Lopré had passed on his way, and there remained only two or three rough fellows who were accustomed, so long as their means permitted, to share the potations of the convivial Small.

Ninian continued to drink and roar, but evinced a less social disposition than usual, and finally staggered away, forbidding his friends to follow. But, first, leaning—or, rather, falling—against the shoulder of the nearest, he managed to blurt out the question:

"Where do 'e live?"

"Who live?" inquired his friend.

"Pale face—gellyman——" explained Mr. Small.

The other informed him, adding, however, that the party in question was, probably, at this moment, in accordance with his well-known habit, rambling in the woods.

Mr. Small thrust his friend from him, playfully indeed, but so forcibly, that the latter reeled some paces and fell, being asked, at the same time, what the something he meant by leaning upon *him*, Small? This done, Ninian tacked away in the direction of the woods. As he went, his muddled brain wrestled with a little sum.

"Fifty guineas—and t-twenty pounds is—s-sev-enty pou—nef' mind th'od shill—and spounmore—make hundren—I must have it all—*all*— Stay, where's 'Scripsion"? But he had blundered into the wood-path, and could no longer see at all.

Lopré had *not* taken his accustomed way. He had gone slowly home. At the gate he found Doreas, with a pale and anxious expression on her usually composed features, watching and listening. The poor woman did not attempt to conceal her uneasiness. Little Ruth, who was in the habit of going twice a week to a farm-house, nearly a mile distant, across an angle of the wood, Ruth, who should have returned two hours since, had not made her appearance.

While she was yet speaking, the disturbance made by the brawling tinker reached their ears; and a neighbour, who passed, told Doreas that the ruffian had roeled away, mad with drink, towards the woods.

The mother turned whiter yet—and made a faint step in the direction indicated.

"He is a savage creature, in these seasons of drink," she said; "he might not even respect my innocent. I'll——"

Lopré touched her arm.

"Have no fear. I will seek her," he said, and strode away.

"Thee wilt be careful of theeself, too," cried Doreas, after him. "Strive not, if thou canst help it, lest he prove stronger than thou."

Lopré turned his face in acknowledgment of

this discreet counsel; but his short hollow laugh was the only reply.

Ruth, fearless little messenger, had been delayed far beyond her usual time, but, nevertheless, refused all escort, and was already half through the darker portion of her way, when she became conscious of the approach of the drunken giant, who, swaying about his mighty arms, and roaring fragments of a ribald song, appeared to be seeking an outlet from the wood. Suddenly, as if abandoning the effort, he flung himself down at the side of the path.

Ruth hoped he would go to sleep.

"Then," she thought, "I can slip by."

After a pause of some minutes, the attempt was made. But, unhappily, Mr. Small was not only awake, but active. If Ruth had walked coolly past, it is possible he might not have molested her; but the manifest purpose of escape acted as an incentive. He made a swoop at the little flitting figure, and clutched her dress. Ruth shrieked, for she had an intense dislike and dread of the man.

"Stop your something screeching, you something'd little something!" growled Small, tossing her from one arm to the other, as though she were a doll. "Kiss me, or I'll drown ye in the ditch! What, scratch me, will ye?" bel-lowed the infuriated ruffian; "then, here goes——"

He lifted her high in the air, with what fell purpose who can say? for at that instant the child uttered another cry.

"Ah! Augustus! Dost thou see?"

A hand of steel was twisted in his neckerchief. Another hand caught Ruth as she fell, for the arms and knees of the drunken man relaxed, and, after a second's struggle, his ponderous frame remained an inert mass in his assailant's grasp.

Poor Ruth was smoothing her ruffled plumes:

"I thank thee. The Lord bless thee, Augustus! But oh, Augustus, he is choking! Loose thy hand. Thou must not not slay the violent uncouth man."

"Quick, then, child—bring water. There's some in the ditch behind us," cried Lopré, impatiently.

But the merciless gripe did not relax—no, not while Lopré's other hand searched the wretch's pocket, and drew out the printed "Description"—until Ruth, with her handkerchief saturated like a sponge with water, ran back to his side. Together they untied his neckcloth, threw open the rugged chest, and sprinkled water on the face and head; but *one* of them knew full well that ocean itself, and a college of doctors to boot, could not restore one gasp to Ninian Small.

"It is drink, not I, that did this—the sottish hound!" said Lopré, as he rose from his knees and, with little ceremony, pushed the body from the road. "Home, now, my little maid. We must report at once what has happened."

He took the child's hand and led her, tottering and horror-stricken, home to the village.

Great, as may be supposed, was the disturbance created by this untoward event, and the proceedings of the district coroner in reference to it. Opinions were divided as to the actual cause of death, but not as to the innocence of Lopré of any homicidal intention (who was there to say how long and how fiercely the death-gripe continued?). Violent passion—sudden effusion of blood upon the already stupified brain—accidental injury—the clubbed wits of a sapient twelve, and an admirable conclusion—“Homicide by misadventure.”

If Dorcas Hodgkin had followed the bent of her secret inclination, she would have requested her pearl of a lodger, absolved though he was, to seek another home. However blameless in intention—and something whispered *that* was not too certain—he had slain a man, and Tabernacle Lodge was not precisely the city of refuge she could have desired. Often did she resolve to speak, and as often did the careworn melancholy face appeal to the good woman's sympathies and transform her suggestion that he should change his abiding-place into the expression of a hope that he was comfortable where he was. Ah! that she had acted upon the first wholesome thought!

There was another reason for permitting him to remain. Since the tragical affair in the wood, Ruth's interest in their lodger had increased tenfold. Not for an instant did the little maiden doubt that, under Providence, she owed her life to his timely interposition; and how could she repay him better than by redoubling her care for his soul? She took him firmly in hand, and, if patient listening and indulgent acquiescence be tokens of conversion, Ruth had every reason to be content with her disciple. The latter, on his part, seemed to grow ever more and more attached to his little friend, and could not bear that she should be many hours together out of his sight. He was fond, but never familiar, treating her very much as a well-grown child might treat a governess, young in years, but honourable by virtue of her office. They occasionally strolled through the woods together, and, at the period at which we now arrive—that is to say, about eight months subsequent to the death of the tinker, Small—this had grown to be almost a daily custom.

Lopré's health had declined somewhat rapidly of late. What was worse, the tokens of some gnawing affliction, bodily or mental, or both, had returned, and the sobs and half-stifled ejaculations of the sufferer often broke upon the midnight silence of Tabernacle Lodge. The only seasons of relief appeared to be those in which the two singularly assorted friends lost themselves in the mazes of the wood, and the culminating peace was when, seated under some old tree, Ruth's sweet voice would dwell upon that eternal rest to which her innocent heart panted to direct her hearer's.

A terrible incident suddenly occurred. Little Ruth, who had gone out, at noon, on one

of her farm-house journeys, was brought home, in the arms of two labouring men, frightfully injured, unconscious, and plainly dying. The men had found her lying, as if asleep, within a few yards of the very spot at which Ninian Small had met his violent end. The child lay in an easy attitude of rest, her dress composed, not a hair disordered, no soil, no scratch, no sign of violent usage; but closer examination revealed the evidence of a heavy blow on the back of the skull, and a deep puncture in the chest, which seemed to have bled internally.

The mother's shriek, as she realised the fatal truth, rang through the house. As it died away, the ghastly face of Lopré peered forth from his chamber-door, as in inquiry. Dorcas saw him, and her frenzy took a different turn.

“Begone, man of evil!—man of blood!” cried the bewildered woman, in her anguish. “It is thou—surely thou—that bring'st this trouble on us. Look, look! Mine innocent!”

Lopré made a step forward.

“I—I? What does she mean? What has happened? Who is—is dead?”

“Nobody said she was *dead* but you,” said one of the men, with gruff pity. “But she was hard struck—and such a little one!”

They told him what had happened.

Lopré's face could not look more corpse-like; but his quivering lips betrayed his emotion, and could scarcely enunciate the words:

“Has she spoken?”

Being answered in the negative, he staggered back into his room, and closed the door.

A silence, almost of the grave, reigned in that sorrowful house during several hours. Then a voice, almost awful in the hush, and the abrupt breaking of it, said, at Lopré's door:

“*She has spoken.*”

“And—then?” gasped a choking voice within.

“*She calls for thee.*”

Like one walking in a frightful dream, Lopré came forth and followed Dorcas into Ruth's little chamber. The dying child lay with her face towards the door, and the large heavy eyes grew brighter as he entered. The little hand made a feeble gesture, in obedience to which, and a whisper to her mother, the latter requested the doctor and others who were present to retire, herself accompanying them beyond the door.

What precisely passed was never ascertained, and our narrative can only be framed in harmony with the singular surmise hereafter to be mentioned.

“I rejoice that thou art come. Kneel beside me, Augustus, for none but God must hear us now,” said Ruth. “I have been wondering why thou didst raise thy hand against so weak a thing as I; one who loved thee heartily, Augustus, and ever strove to minister to thy welfare, both of body and soul. Was I not even entreating thee to meekness and to charity, when thou didst rise and use me thus?”

Lopré only gazed at her, and groaned.

“There is mercy in thee,” the child continued,

"else thy wrathful weapons had not failed. Thou hast not pierced my heart, Augustus; *but thou hast broken it.* I shall not die of thy wounds, but of thee—of sorrow and fear of thy eternal weal, unless thou seest how thou art captive to the power of darkness, urging thee to deeds of cruelty against thy better will. I was suffered to be thy help, thy good, thy staff and stay, and thou hast cast me suddenly, broken, from thy hand. Think of me the more, Augustus, when I am gone. Go burn thy lawless, wicked books, the traps of Satan to ensnare thy soul—burn them, I say; thy dying teacher bids thee. Add not rebellion to witchcraft, the sister-sin, now that thou art shown the truth; but turn thee quick to the Atoner, that I may meet thee *there.*"

The heavy eyes rolled upwards, then closed, and a lovely smile settled on the gentle face, which had not passed away, when, some hours later, all that pertained to earth, of little Ruth, was dressed for its early grave.

That very strong suspicions should attach to Lopré was only to be expected. Although no one had seen him return home, it was known that they had gone out together, and had been seen walking apart, but conversing with that quiet tenderness that had, of late, invariably marked their intercourse. One of the men who had brought the child home was, for some unexplained reason, so impressed with Lopré's guilt, that he had, on his own responsibility, hurried away to the nearest magistrate and demanded his arrest. This, however, occupied some time; and it was very midnight, or rather early morning, when those charged with the warrant reached Tabernacle Lodge.

During this period Lopré had remained secluded in his chamber, and was often heard moving busily about, as if preparing for departure. The door was therefore watched; but he made no attempt to escape, and, on the arrival of the constables, it was thought advisable to defer his capture till dawn, especially as the blinds permitted an occasional glimpse of their intended prisoner, and a strong light in the room confirmed the suspicion that he was merely destroying papers.

With the first streak of day, the watchers—not without caution—approached his door. Before they could summon him, Lopré stood before them, holding forth his hands as though to receive the handcuffs. Disordered, haggard, yet with eyes ablaze with insane fire, his spectral aspect almost daunted the stout thief-catchers. But the war was all within. He was quiet—totally dumb—and exhibited no outward sign of emotion, but *once*, when, on the way to the gate, he was suddenly asked if certain dark-red stains on his sleeve were the blood of the murdered child.

In this mute, half-conscious condition the un-

happy man remained for a week, growing weaker and weaker, until all idea of subjecting him to an examination was necessarily abandoned. On the ninth morning of his imprisonment, the watchers in his cell made this report:

About midnight, Lopré, who, though always preserving silence, had been unusually restless, tossing on his truckle-bed, and breathing hard, sank into a torpor. This had lasted about half an hour, when a sudden sound and movement startled the custodian then on duty. The prisoner had risen to a sitting posture, his eyes staring wild, his hand grasping the air. He was trying to speak, and he did get out some words, but they were "nothing, no meaning, as I could see," said the watcher. Pressed on this point, he explained that the words, "so's he could remember," was only this:

"My little saint! My saint!"

That, having uttered these meaningless words, he dropped suddenly back, and seemed to sleep. At daybreak, observing that he remained still in the same position, very quiet, they went to examine their prisoner, and found he had expired.

Two incidents succeeded Lopré's death—the arrival of a London constable, who identified the body as that of the once-renowned gamester and debauchee, Captain Gullayne; and, secondly, the discovery of the remains of Lord George Francis Olliphant, which, with skull fractured, and a ball through the breast, had been buried in the wood.

And wherefore these apparently motiveless crimes? Shall we refer them, without comment, to the great *assize*, where secrets cannot live? Or can we accept the idea suggested by a writer of the day, and founded upon some scorched pages of one of the volumes Lopré, or Gullayne, had sought to destroy, namely, that the study of certain treatises, now happily obsolete, concerning occult philosophy and the "black art," acting upon a brain half-madened by every species of excess, had beguiled the unhappy student into the belief that he had embraced the service of the powers of evil, and must blindly work their will?

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